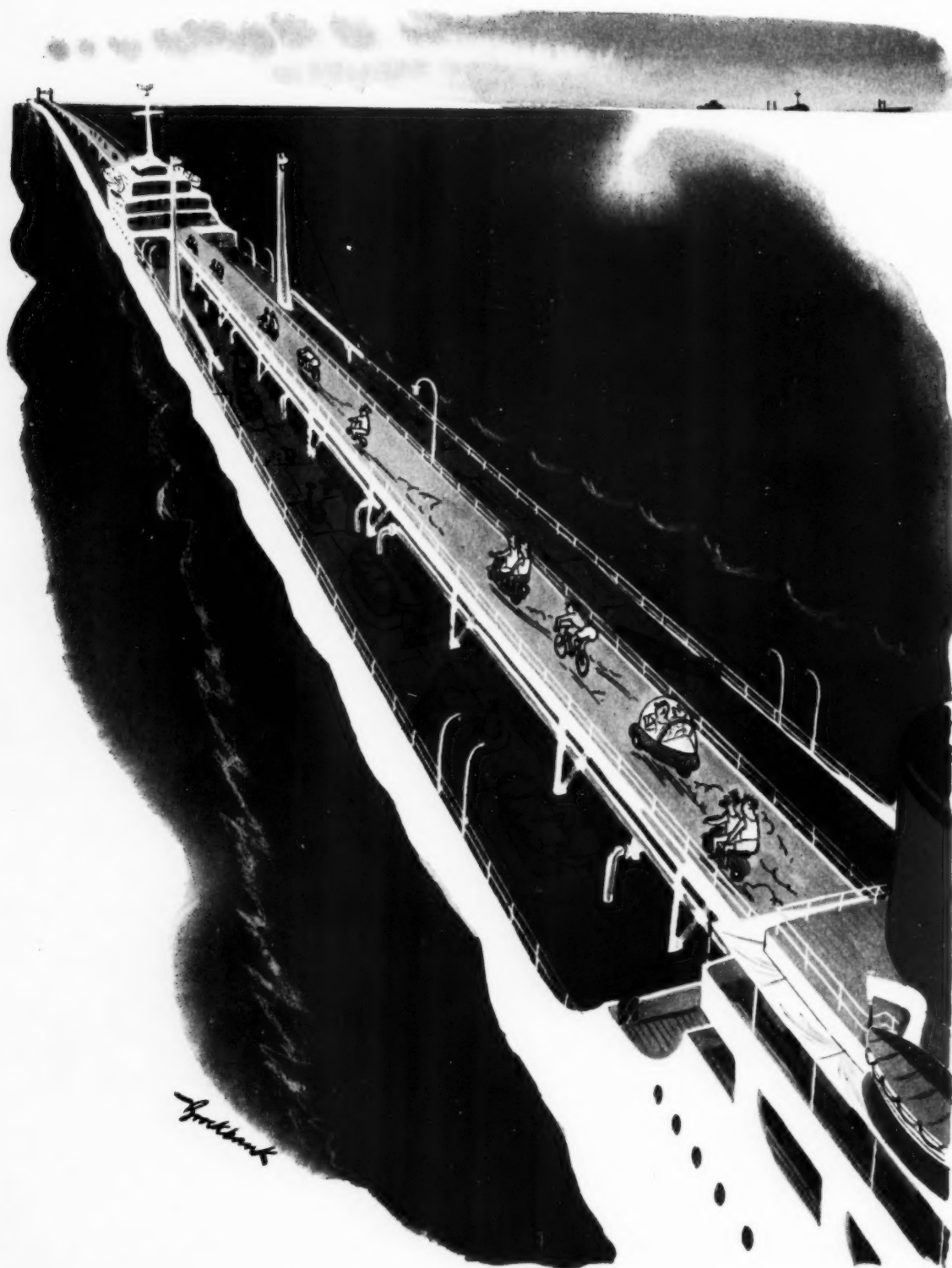


PUNCH

ALMANACK 1958





Changing the watch in a 100,000 ton tanker

S
*
5
12
19
26

S
*
2
9
16
23

S
*
2
9
16
23
30

FIRST QUARTER, 1958

JANUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	*

FEBRUARY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	*	*	*	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	*

MARCH

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	*	*	*	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23/30	24/31	25	26	27	28	29

THE BUSINESS MAN'S DIARY and Compendium of Useful Information

Personal Memoranda

Name
 Address (Telegraphic)
 Car Nos.
 Bankruptcy Discharge Cert. Nos.
 Partner's Name
 Address
 Scars or other identifying marks

Blood Group
 If drunk, put out at Station

Handy Phrases for Business Lunches

"Double smoked salmon, everyone?"
 "No, old man, I insist on having the bill. My accountant loves these things."
 "Just what I was saying to Fred—it's always the same old problem, how to pass it on to the consumer."
 "Mind you, that includes the fishing."
 "I always think that if you keep fit and look after yourself you can always squeeze in another directorship."
 "You have to turn left out of Milan, otherwise you end up in Genoa."
 "Of course, I can't tell it like he did."
 "The whisky's stronger at

Thought for the Quarter

"When all is said and done, nothing wrings the rich, sweet juice out of life like the power to write a thumping fat cheque, and know the bank will meet it."

Lord Chesterfield

Lydda, but the V.I.P. lounge at Istanbul is better ventilated."
 "Well, it's four o'clock. Back to the grindstone, eh?"

Know your Hats



"I am only a jobber."



"Hammered? Who cares?"



"My family are mostly in the Guards."

Expressions in Everyday Use

"Can't Grumble" Idiomatic reply to inquiries after health, meaning that the speaker is on to something good, but the inquirer isn't going to get any.

Cranage Cost of time lost by office-boys trying to see into holes in the road.

Demurrage A ritual insistence, among business men drinking, that it is not the other's turn to buy a round.

E. & O. E. Stockbrokers who, having been at Eton, are now sending their sons there, are so dubbed by their associates.

Useful Tables for the Business Man

Breakfast Dinner
 Luncheon Snooker
 Bedside

Did You Know That?

A man taking a quire of office foolscap home in his briefcase five days a week will have got 2½ tons of it for nothing after a working life of forty years.

Surveys by the Port of London Authority show that of every ten bowler hats blown off London Bridge eight and a quarter lodge behind the piers of Hays Wharf.

Charles Lamb was nearly fired by the East India Company for roughing out *Tales from Shakespeare* on old bottomry documents.

Figures issued by the National Production Advisory Council show that company directors travelling daily between Eastbourne and Victoria spend three hours in the train for every two at lunch. This leaves them, on the average, twenty-eight minutes per day in the office (provided coffee is taken on the premises).

At the time of the latest available records (*Annual Abstract of Statistics, 1957*) 8,461 business men with incomes of £5,000 a year and over were also listed as farmers with only one cow, less than six poultry and no taxation problem to speak of.

The National Debt stood at £51m. when the Earl of Oxford had his idea of paying it off by the formation of the South Sea Company in 1711. To-day this amount is raised annually by business men and others to send old folks to the seaside.

Cigar Measure

Four-inch — Managing Director
 Eight-inch — Director
 Ten-inch — Chairman
 Foot or over — Publicity Manager



SECOND QUARTER 1958

APRIL

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	*	*	*

Personal Memoranda

Constituency
 Size of majority
 Party
 Members willing to pair
 Views on European Common Market

Some Useful Openings for Maiden Speeches

I rise with considerable trepidation.

It is with considerable trepidation that I rise.

You will understand, and I hope condone, the trepidation with which I rise.

Hon. Members who have themselves undergone the ordeal . . .
 The ordeal which I am at this moment undergoing is one with which Hon. Members will readily sympathize.

It is the custom for Hon. Members who rise for the first time in this distinguished House . . .

I do not care a hoot about the customs of this ghastly House.

Handy Subjects for Private Members' Business

To draw attention to the state of London traffic and to move a resolution.

To draw attention to the desir-

Thought for the Quarter

Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
 And ask no questions but the price of votes.

Samuel Johnson

THE POLITICIAN'S DIARY and Compendium of Useful Information

ability of registering bicycles and to move a resolution.

To draw attention to the increased traffic in wild birds' eggs and to move a resolution.

To draw attention to the desirability for further exploration of the Antarctic and to move a resolution.

To draw attention to the conditions of service in the Boys' Brigade and to move a resolution.

To draw attention to the necessity for preserving Georgian architecture and to move a resolution.

PARLIAMENTARY MEASURE

6 words — 1 cliché
 3 clichés — 1 sentence
 64 sentences — 1 speech
 4 speeches — 1 reputation

ELECTORAL MEASURE

2 promises — 1 slogan
 4 slogans — 1 platform*
 2 platforms — 1 contest
 630 contests — 1 general election
 *ticket in the U.S.A.

Peerages

When accepting a peerage, note the following:

Voting.—On which side will you be expected to vote, and how often?

Title.—Have a good title ready, with plenty more in reserve in case your choice has already been conferred.

Representation.—Is yours a U.K. peerage or only a Scottish or Irish one? If either of the latter, will you be a representative peer for your country?

Finance.—Ensure that you know an hotel which will allow you to make a fair profit on your three guineas a day.

Introduction.—Are there really two peers of your rank who will introduce you into the House of Lords?

Table of Answers to Oral Questions

Yes, Sir.

No, Sir.

I must have notice of that Question.

I would refer the Hon. Member to my answer of . . .

That is a matter for my Hon. Friend the . . .

I regret that these figures are not available.

As the answer contains a number of figures, I will with permission circulate it in the Official Report.

I regret that I cannot anticipate my Budget statement.

I must ask the Hon. Member to await the statement to be made by my Hon. Friend later this afternoon.

Correct Ceremonious Forms of Interruption

shame	resign
sit down	hear, hear
on a point of order	disgusting
withdraw	oh
what about the Old Age Pensioners?	oh, oh

USEFUL EQUIVALENTS

<i>Government</i>	<i>Opposition</i>
statesmanlike	ill-considered
wise	foolish
Nabarro	Ellis Smith
wit	levity
parliamentarian	twister
generous	rapacious
hear, hear	shame
scrupulous	tedious
regret	delight
fuss	matter of urgent public importance

JUNE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	*	*	*	*	*

THIRD QUARTER 1958



THE THEATREGOER'S DIARY and Compendium of Useful Information

Personal Memoranda

Size in seats (with greatcoat) ...	
Size in seats (without greatcoat) ...	
Limit of vision (without glasses) ...	Row.....
Limit of vision (with glasses) ...	Row.....
Minimum leg-room required inches
Number of cloakroom ticket ...	
Date of last visit to "Peter Pan" ...	/ 5
Height to which head sticks up from back of seat (with hat) inches
Height to which head sticks up from back of seat (without hat) inches
Name of street in which car is parked ...	

English Money and Equivalents

2 Stalls —	30s.
2 Programmes —	1s.
1 Hat (on arrival) —	6d.
Same Hat (3 hours later) —	6d.
1 Taxi (to theatre) —	Daylight robbery.
12 Taxis (from theatre) —	Already taken.
2 Teas (1st interval) —	5s.
1 straight whisky (2nd interval) —	$\frac{1}{2}$ water.

Thought for the Quarter

People who live beyond Stanmore seldom wait for the National Anthem.

Anon.

Familiar Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations

<i>mea culpa</i> (Late L.).—"Did I tread on your foot?"
<i>lumanum est errare</i> (L.).—"I thought this was the Wind-mill."
<i>copia verborum</i> (L.).—"This needs cutting."
<i>fama nihil est celerius</i> (L.).—"The leading man drinks."
<i>aut Caesar aut nullus</i> (L.).—"Who's in it?"
<i>répondez, s'il vous plaît</i> (Fr.).—"He's forgotten his lines."
<i>hoi polloi</i> (Gr.).—"The upper circle."
<i>magna est veritas et praevalerebit</i> (L.).—"We're in the wrong seats."
<i>filius nullius</i> (L.).—"Author!"

Comparative Tables

Approximate times of curtain-rise within 2 miles of Charing Cross. (Correct at time of going to press.)

ADVERTISED	ACTUAL
7 p.m.	7.10 p.m.
7.30 p.m.	7.38 p.m.
8 p.m.	8.6 p.m.*
8.30 p.m.	8.33 p.m.

*Except on first nights, when a further fifteen minutes should be added.

Notes on Etiquette

The gentleman should ascertain the lady's confectionery requirements *before* they have made a row of people stand up in order to get to their seats.

Should the gallery boo, it is correct for the stalls to cheer.

Should the gallery cheer, pitying smiles are *de rigueur* in the stalls.

Empty cups and saucers should be placed *under* the seat in front; never on it.

It is always correct to say to an actress in her dressing-room "You were marvellous!" It is incorrect to say "How haggard you seem with your make-up off!"

Useful Words and Phrases

Long run. (*A play by Agatha Christie.**)

Ex-Abbey Theatre player. (*Any actor with an Irish name.*)

Hobson's choice. (*A French play, actress, etc.*)

Variety. (*Monotony.*)

Theatre. (*Site for proposed office building.*)

*Except at the Whitehall.

Prophetic Notes for the Quarter

October. "Salad Days" will continue. Negotiations for the London production of a Broadway musical will begin. A famous non-working actress will have her jewels mysteriously stolen.

November.—The closing of two unsuccessful West End shows will be blamed on fog. "Dry Rot" will continue. Rumours will be denied by a famous actress. An interesting choice for the lead in this year's "Charley's Aunt" will be announced.

December.—Increased interest in the British theatre will be noticeable among persons under 14 years old. The black-market price of tickets for "My Fair Lady" will rise sharply. A member of the Royal Family will visit a West End theatre. "The Boy Friend" will continue.

JULY

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31	*	*

AUGUST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	*	*	1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30
31						

SEPTEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	*	*	*	*

FOURTH QUARTER 1958

OCTOBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30	31	*

NOVEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	*	*	*	*	*	1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

DECEMBER

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
*	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31	*	*	*

THE HOSTESS'S DIARY and Compendium of Useful Information

Personal Memoranda

Own Address.....
 Caterer.....
 Hairdresser.....
 Psychiatrist.....
 Husband.....

Tel.: No. of Nearest

Police Station.....
 Doctor.....
 Skiffle Group.....
 Night Reporting Corps.....

Some Useful Phrases

"So glad you could come."
 = "Hullo" (normal).
 "So glad you could come."
 = "Hullo!" (effusive).
 "So glad you could come."
 = "My husband has never left me."
 "So glad you could come."
 = "If you can't bother to produce watertight excuses your bluff is bound to be called."
 "So glad you could come."
 = "I thought they'd suspended your driving licence."

Legal Notes

A hostess may by law be liable for any physical damage incurred by guests (invitees) in her house, but the liability is minimized if she warns them of any danger which she could reasonably be expected to know of. The warning should be understandable and audible. "We've got a terrible crush here to-night" or "I'm afraid

Thought for the Quarter

"After all, we are all snobs nowadays."—*New Saw*

the food is quite poisonous" would be admissible in court but "I hope to goodness the floor will stand it" probably not.

(N.B.—An invitee need not, legally, actually have been invited.)

A hostess may also be liable for any damage caused by her guests dropping bottles, tureens, etc., on passers-by. These should also be warned. A notice saying DANGER: FRAGMENTS ARE LIABLE TO FALL FROM THESE OLD BUILDINGS is recommended.

Miscellaneous Statistics

There are 32 tots in a bottle of gin.

A bottle of wine can be made to go round 8 people.

3 men in 100 can distinguish between Burgundy and Claret.

86 men in 100 believe they can. It takes 20 minutes to get from A to B in London.

There are only 1,969,983 more men than women in the U.K.

Measures of Success

4 Complaints by neighbours 1 Riot
 2 Riots 1 Summons
 6 Summonses 1 Headline
 8 Headlines 1 Question in Parliament
 2 Q.I.P.s 1 Complete Success.

(N.B.—There are no half-measures.)

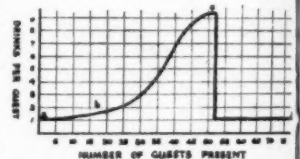
Food Hints

It is no longer not polite to refer to food. In fact a hostess is expected to do so. "This is how they eat it in Andalusia/Transylvania/Basutoland/Yonkers" will cover any emergency.

If invitations have suggested that food will be provided (e.g. by the word "dinner") it should usually be served.

Capacity

To calculate the capacity per guest at a cocktail party use the graph given below, which is based on a room 12 ft. by 12 ft. at normal temperature, pressure, and drinkability of drink offered.



EXPLANATORY NOTES

ab. Embarrassment Area. Guests feel lonely and leave early.

bc. Normal Working Range. Guests talk louder, get thirstier, acquire greater inertia, stay later.

cd. Stagnation Point. Neither guests nor drink can circulate.

In the Event of Atomic Attack

Do not disturb guests already under tables.

Take other guests down to cellars.

See that there is a strong lock on the door of the wine-cellar.

Wash and dress any minor wounds caused by flying forks, etc.: (alcohol is a useful disinfectant.)

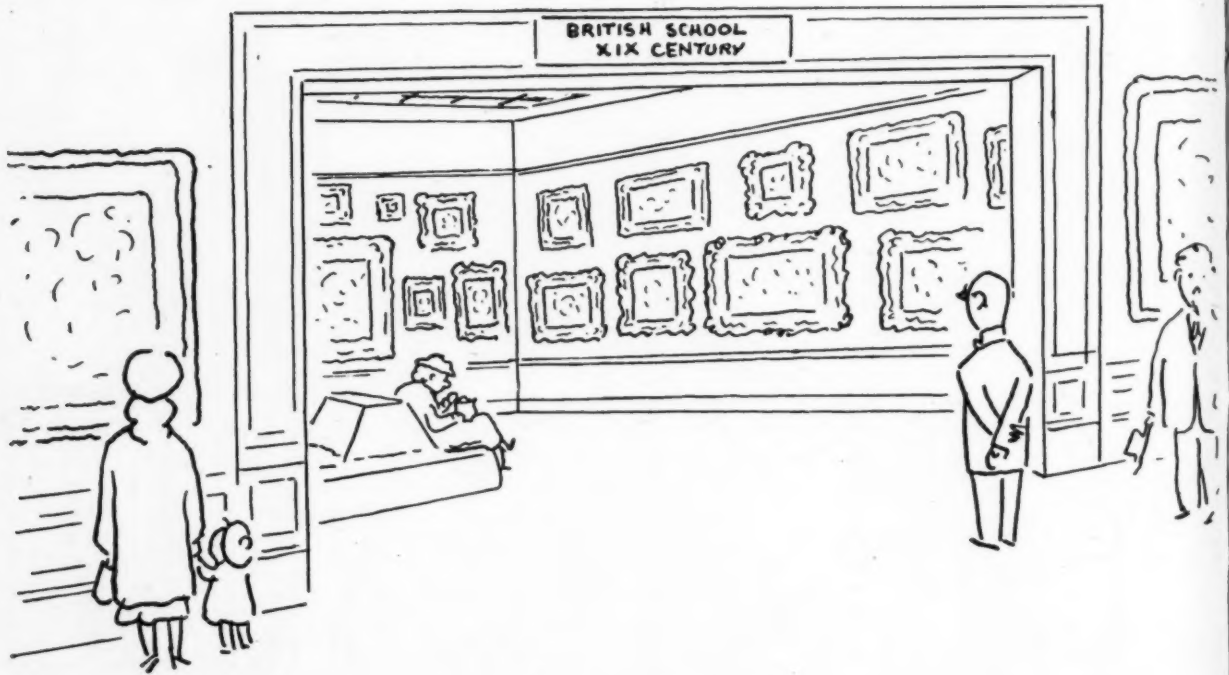
Drink only from bottles not open at the time of the attack—radioactivity does not add "kick" to a cocktail.

In case it should prove necessary to keep your guests in the cellar for some time pin up a chart showing the calory and vitamin contents of lobster, olives, cheese straws, etc., so that a balanced diet can be achieved.



"Yessir, this certainly is a happy sh.p."

GALLERY 27



GALLERY 27



FACING UP TO 1958

Be a completely integrated individual this coming year. A team of experts tells you how to make the best of yourself, your friends and your environment.

The Avoidance of STRESS and WORRY

By M.D., F.R.C.P.

EVERY doctor in general practice knows the patient with waxy complexion, rapid pulse, tremulous limbs and thick speech; he knows too that there is nothing wrong with this man that a month in the Bahamas would not put right. He has been worrying; and if he can be persuaded to talk it will be found that he has allowed his imagination to inflate some trifle out of all proportion. His house has fallen through into a mining subsidence, perhaps, or he has been unexpectedly sacked and is having to take his children away from their public schools. The result is what doctors call among themselves an "anxiety state," meaning that the patient is in a state of mental anxiety.

Prevention Better . . .

The condition need not be fatal. The cure is to remove the cause. The cause is worry. Ergo, stop worrying. Beyond this advice, plus a prescription for an old-fashioned bromide, there is not a lot that a doctor can do. It is up to you to prevent the condition from arising, and this may be done in several ways.

News

Resist addiction to the daily papers. 1958, like 1957, is bound to give rise to world events, and you should take care to concern yourself only with those that affect you. Begin by ruling out earthquakes. The odds against getting caught in one are heavy. The same is true of nuclear explosions. Reflect that all atomic weapons tested to date could have exploded without your direct knowledge; for your purposes, therefore, they may be said to exist only as ink-marks on newsprint. Turning to events nearer home, how many persons of your acquaintance have actually fallen from a fourth floor on to iron railings? Been gored by bulls? Bound and gagged by masked gunmen? Ignore

these reports. You will not only keep your mind free of unnecessary anxieties but effect a great saving on your newsagent's bill. Tuck this away into a savings account, ready for the half-yearly tax demand.

Noise

With improved techniques, next year is likely to be noisier than ever, and physicians are agreed that the sound of jet aircraft, pneumatic drills, soda-machines, champion Sealyhams, trumpet solos and so on, entering the nervous system through the delicate mechanism of the ear, can cause drunkenness, axe-slaying and other manifestations of imbalance. To these will shortly be added the penetrating hum of earth satellites, the boom of interplanetary missiles, the searing roar of departing moonships.

Over a period, of course, nature will adjust; the ear will grow less sensitive, smaller, perhaps ultimately disappearing altogether; but 1958 may be over before

this happens, and our problem is one of the moment. What is to be done about noise? Again, the answer is simple. Don't listen.

Wax ear-plugs are sometimes helpful at first.

Radiation Sickness and So on

Health scares will still be about in the New Year. Asian influenza has on the whole been such a failure that something particularly malevolent is bound to follow it; paralysis caused by invisible fumes released from household plastics has been named as a possible, and may well add to the mental insecurity of a man already convinced that if he hasn't got lung cancer his bone structure is slowly crumbling as a result of having slept every night for forty years beside a luminous alarm clock. Close your mind to all this; if you can't, concentrate on one branch of suffering and let the rest go hang. Slipped discs will still be in, and may prove the very thing. Above all, try to wean yourself from the dangerous habit of reading every health article you pick up. You never know what you might pick up.

Useful Drugs

Should all these hints fail of comfort, there remains, luckily, a wide range of wonder drugs. The following are obtainable at all good chemists:

Condition	Drug
Stress caused by TV serials, party political broadcasts, etc.	Cathodrayolite
Fear of missed trains, buses.	Tempone
Anxiety about vegetable garden pests.	Agricone
Sense of impending annihilation by noiseless flash.	Whiskidrene
Suspicion of petty theft by domestics.	Domestophone
Depression following dismissal from employment.	Sackarene
Strain induced by reading school reports.	Scholastoplite
Fear of habit-forming drugs.	Pharmaceuphthalene

J. B. BOOTHROYD



After a full day, adopt a relaxed position.

EXPENSE ACCOUNT WRINKLES

By a Top Executive

Smoked Salmon

ANY meal which is to be charged to the expense account must begin with smoked salmon. A meal which begins modestly with, for example, *Consommé Madrilène* and braised ham with spinach *purée* and boiled potatoes is obviously not sufficiently impressive to sway a business deal and is therefore unlikely to be passed by the Inland Revenue, who always examine menus course by course in order to assay the swaying power of each item. On the other hand, a meal beginning with *caviar aux blinis* or six dozen oysters has obviously been consumed by someone who is fond of food, and actually to enjoy a meal puts it beyond consideration as a legitimate business expense.

If neither yourself nor your client likes smoked salmon the waiters at all good restaurants have an understanding by which the item is included in the bill as an additional item on payment to themselves of the menu price plus fifteen per cent.

Personal Element

This is a phrase used by Inland Revenue officials to describe the portion of a meal eaten by the taxpayer himself. Assuming that receipted bills can be produced to justify a claim for entertainment of one thousand pounds a year, a reasonable claim for the average man,

the tax collector will pass only half of this as legitimate expenditure, on the grounds that the other half was spent by the taxpayer on his own nourishment and would have had to be so spent even had there been no entertainment.

This argument is very hard to refute, idiotic though it is, but it can be overcome by means of a series of signed affidavits from the head-waiter of your restaurant to the effect that you consumed only a particular portion of the meal. For example, if you consider the specimen menu shown at the attached table, which might be considered normally adequate to swing a small business deal, it is quite clear that you, who must be back in your office by four to do an afternoon's work, could not have eaten anything like half. Your affidavit should show one Martini, a portion of boiled potatoes and some cheese, leaving £11 3s. 6d., more or less, to be charged to expenses.

BUSINESS LUNCHEON

2 smoked salmon ..	16/-
2 bisque de homard ..	11/-
2 roast grouse ..	£1/15/-
vegetables ..	10/-
2 crêpe Suzette ..	10/-
2 Stilton cheese ..	6/-
2 dry Martini ..	10/-
1 bot. Montrachet '39 ..	£2/15/-
1 bot. Richebourg '28 ..	£3/5/-
2 fine maison ..	15/-
Total ..	£11/13/-

Holidays

No efficient business man ever has time for holidays. It is, however, sometimes necessary for him to visit Cannes, Tangier, Torremolinos, Estoril and similar industrial centres in the furtherance of his business, or to attend a conference, or in the pursuit of greater personal efficiency. Expenses incurred on such visits are chargeable in full.

Wives are indispensable on these occasions, as their secretarial duties (see below) are naturally increased by them.

Love and Marriage

It is commonly thought that you are better off, tax-wise, by living in sin than by living an orthodox married life.

This is only so in the case of untrained wives, or wives trained solely in household duties. As a sound business man you will not allot any household duties to your wife at all, since they will be performed by your domestic staff, a great part of whose wages are chargeable as a contribution towards your necessary business entertainment.

Wives may always be called upon to perform secretarial functions, however, and their wages for this may all count as business expenses. Combination wife-secretaries are hard to come by and command high rates of pay.

Wives who are career-women may not only perform secretarial duties for their husbands, but arrange for their husbands to perform secretarial duties (booking theatre-tickets, telephoning for taxis, etc.) for them.

Farming

Many business men believe that the possession of a "losing farm" will exempt them from paying tax on thousands of pounds a year. Actually a farm should only be purchased after close investigation, as farmers are paid so much by the Government by way of subsidy or compensation if they fail to make profits that the "losing farm" may be found to be earning huge sums in the surtax bracket. A losing yacht ("essential publicity") is likely to be a better investment.

B. A. YOUNG



Recommended attitude for use when signing bills

MAKING THE MOST OF THE COUNTRYSIDE

SMART men-about-country must keep abreast in these fast-moving 'fifties; rural Rip Van Winkles who have not been in the field for a year or two will feel gauche if they have lost touch.

Pylons

The new One-Inch Survey now completed for about half Britain is helpful here. The lines are boldly plotted so that a well-defined lattice ramble can conveniently replace the outdated mountaineers' cairned routes, especially in heavy ground mist when the tall welcoming finger beckons through haze which would have obscured haphazard heaps of stones. Voltages, which vary with different authorities, are not mapped but may well be estimated during a lull in conversation; these pilgrims' friends are not lethal unless climbed. Contrasting designs should be logged, preferably with a rough sketch, and any hint of tired steel instantly reported. The day, one hopes, is far distant when Mr. Betjeman will have cause to complain of concrete towers.

Artillery, Bombing and Small Arms Ranges

These now provide every few miles an ever-changing pattern of interest once confined to a few isolated spots such as Dartmoor and Lulworth. A bracing test for the alert walker is to spot as soon as possible, allowing a

margin for map-reading so as to replan the day's walk, the red flag courteously hoisted when firing is in progress. In a remote Radnorshire valley where the monotonous note of the curlew was once unrelieved the writer was last year considerably given forty-five minutes' grace to get out of the Effective Beaten Zone and made the grade, without running, with five minutes to spare before the first salvo, which he interpreted as a success signal. Muzzle velocity, trajectory, rate of fire, etc. of the projectiles should be noted, care being taken not to underestimate calibres when weapons are firing down-wind.

Fieldcraft

The progressive farmer cultivates with a diesel-driven tractor and the wasteful old custom of leaving a right-of-way across a field unfurrowed and unsown belongs to the reactionary era of homeward-plodding ploughmen understandably weary after walking up and down one acre behind the traces all day. When the track is obliterated it is the work of a moment for the nimble countryman to ascertain the line of advance by a flick of the protractor on to the map; then just peep through the prismatic on the required bearing (magnetic variation changes annually about 10'E in these islands), fix a landmark—a gnarled tree or a courting couple will serve—on the farther hedge, and brush lightly amid the nettles (they

don't sting through corduroy) round the headlands until the point of re-take-off is reached.

Getting Harvest-Wise

Haycocks were all very well in erotic verse of the Housman type or in lush sentimental water-colours; they have little or no part in the contemporary country scene, and the same applies to corn-stooks. The hay-baler gives us tidily trussed rectangles, and the combine harvester digests the grain and ejects it in sacks, baling the straw. This means that we can all be Cobbetts in our rural rides or walks, though less argumentative and more accurate. With a little preliminary practice and good-natured badgering of obliging farmers, crop yields can be calculated by a glance over the harvest-field diagram of bales and sacks. This is *knowing* the country, not just aimlessly wandering through it.

Pointers

This brief note is a signpost, not an itinerary. The resourceful country-lover may work out in detail his own know-how. Just a few final hints: Pinpoint that Rare Fertilizer Smell, Judge the Distance of that Bank-Holiday Heath Fire, What Horsepower are those Hilltop Scramble Motorcycles? Name those Streamside Skiffle Group Instruments, What is the Programme on that Portable Radio on Helvellyn? (remote, as Wordsworth observed, and it is still true, from public road and dwelling). **LESLIE MARSH**

LOOK AFTER YOUR BODY: WHAT THREE MONTHS' RIDING CAN DO



Before



After



Why Not Be An Angry Old Man This Year?

The Present belongs to the elderly, advises a Student of Spleen

THE future belongs to Youth.

That being so, one has only to take a look round at the young people of to-day to want to have no part in it.

Never forget that the present belongs to the elderly. And what a mess the younger generation have made of it! There was a time when the present was worth living in, but not now. These damned whining young red-brick graduates, selfish, arrogant, complacent, pension-seeking third-rate assistant-librarians that they are, have done their best to ensure that their seniors shall not enjoy the twilight tranquillity that they have so richly deserved.

To hell with the whole pack of them.

The Importance of Rage

Cultivate this attitude towards the young. A healthy loathing for men and women in their twenties keeps the mind supple. Guard, therefore, against the danger of living in the past, of closing the mind to the contemporary scene. Embrace it rather. Observe it in all its

manifestations, letting rage seep in from every quarter. Soon you will find yourself borne along on the crest of a healing, rejuvenating wave of ungovernable fury. You will begin to splutter.

Do not make the mistake, however, of confining your disapproval to the young. Mix it up a bit. Wear a size twenty choler. Your own contemporaries can be exasperating enough, if you will only take the trouble to find out what they are doing and saying. Here is a specimen day, well suited to the needs of a retired officer or stockbroker of sixty-five living in the suburbs.

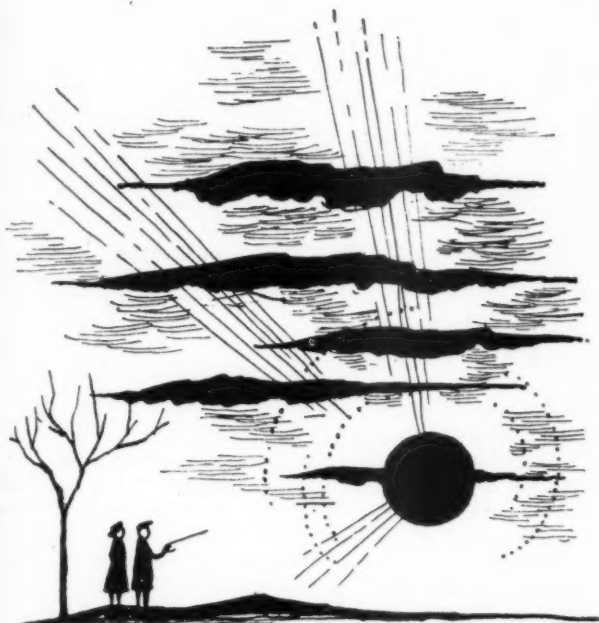
A Well-planned Day

- 9 a.m. Read the papers intelligently i.e. the *Mirror* as well as *The Times*. In the latter look out for letters signed by groups of persons, including in particular Stephen Spender, any two Sitwells, A. J. P. Taylor, etc. In the *Mirror* pay special attention to intimate news of Royalty and items about rock 'n' roll.
- 9.30. Glance through Parliamentary Report to see whether Colonel Wigg was up.

- 11.0. Shopping. If insufficient lack of respect shown at butchers, try asking for "short back, cut No. 4, with the rind off" at grocers. Or come home by bus.
- 12.0. A visit to the Town Hall often works wonders. There will very likely be a Plan showing that your house is scheduled for demolition to make way for a prison without bars.
- 2.30. Half an hour with a humorous magazine.
- 3.0. A short walk in the park. Keep your eyes open, and don't forget to ask the time of some boy of about fifteen, preferably one with side-whiskers.
- 5.0. Evening papers. Statements by Mrs. Braddock, Gordon Pirie, etc. Look out for proposals to drop the word "British" before "Commonwealth."
- 6.0. Whisky is inflaming, particularly if it is of a kind that reminds you of the conversation of the two gentlemen who advertise it.
- 8.30. Take in one of those plays in which a pair of old men in straw hats talk about life on top of a windmill.
- 8.30. *Alternative*. TV.
- 11.0. Bed with a modern novel. No tranquillizers. H. F. ELLIS

MONDAY MORNING CAN BE A HAPPY TIME FOR YOU TOO





"Of course it's the atomic dust that is responsible for these wonderful sunsets."

SOME USEFUL ATTITUDES TOWARDS ANNIHILATION



"More like a toadstool, wouldn't you say?"



"It's the sprinkling of Strontium 90 that makes the difference."



"It's all right, darling—it was only a conventional tactical weapon."

HOW TO RESIST APPEALS FOR MONEY

MORE than ever, in 1958, it will be necessary to fight inflation.

One useful and profitable way of joining in the combat is to stiffen our resistance against Appeals—appeals for cash from charitable organizations, clubs, schools and colleges, preservation societies, presentation committees, relations and so on. The advice which follows is based on a lifetime's experience.

Schools and Colleges

A very difficult field of operations. Schools appeal for such things as new science blocks, swimming pools, sunny beds, TV sets, epidiascopes and chairs, and it is virtually impossible to object in principle to all of them. The following retort, however, has been used with some success:

"Provided that the proposed engineering block bears my name in perpetuity ('The B. Hollowood Extension Building, 1958') I shall have pleasure in contributing two guineas to the fund."

Clubs

Here you can be much more direct, and in certain cases a touch of rudeness will not come amiss (secretaries and treasurers expect it).

Point out to your local cricket club that you already contribute indirectly through an Exchequer grant to the National Playing Fields' Association.

Point out to the amateur dramatic society that the lighting equipment seemed if anything rather too efficient for the performance of *The Grand Cham's Diamond* and that you see no reason . . .

Charitable Organizations

Two methods of resistance are suggested:

1. Return the appeal with the

envelope marked "Not Known—Try Clackmannan."

2. Strike a note of lofty indignation. Write: "By contributing to your fund I should be helping to preserve the *status quo*, when in fact I am most anxious to see your valuable charitable work financed wholly by our Welfare State. In the circumstances I regret . . ."

Preservation Societies, Presentation Committees, etc.

The example of Sir Winston Churchill, who offered £500 to the "Save St. James's Theatre" fund, should be sternly resisted, even in miniature. If you are genuinely in favour of preserving things restrict your support to societies concerned with rabbits, long-hand, daylight saving, the soccer no-substitute rule and other inexpensive causes. To the secretary of the "Blue Boar" (Prestwick) Preservation Trust write: "I am prepared to subscribe an amount equal to your own subscription to my 'Suburban Housing, Paint and Garden' Fund. Please forward your cheque to me at . . ."

Presentations are a real problem. The usual and cowardly course is to grumble "Oh, I'll give whatever the others are giving." It is wiser and more economical to say outright that a contribution to Miss Watson's leaving-present (in view of your repeated criticism of her spelling) might be regarded as pure hypocrisy, and that you prefer to say farewell in your own way.

Relatives

Plead poverty whenever possible. Or say that your funds are tied up in equities, Daltons or Premium Bonds. The best plan, without a doubt, is to get your own cadge in first. To a cousin heading for insolvency write "You will be surprised to hear, old son, that I am embarrassingly short of ready. What with Mona's tonsils, the half-shaft and a few injudicious plunges on the nags, I'm rather up against it. Could you by any chance . . ."

But in all cases it is perhaps more honest to fight inflation by resisting all appeals with a note on the need for deflation.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD

A MASQUE OF COMFORT

Public morale in 1958 may at times be low. Carefully timed performances of this short masque will do much to raise it.

(Enter ECONOMY and SPIRIT OF THE YEAR)

ECONOMY

Fortune, fortune, '58,
Smiles upon thy blest estate
If men toil a little more.

See Fig. 4.

(Enter, on a chariot of clouds, INFLATION)

ECONOMY

Nightmare, must thou haunt my day?
Go, I conjure thee, away!

(Exit ECONOMY, distraught)

INFLATION

See! A troop of friends is here
To wish you well, O brave New Year.
(Enter ART, SCIENCE, TRAFFIC, STATE
DEPARTMENT, FASHION, POLITICS,
CRISIS, THE VARIETY SISTERS, NEW
CONSERVATISM, KREMLIN.)

OMNES

Let us now with merry tune,
Merry tune and merry dance,
Shower upon you many a boon,
To be paid for in advance.

TRAFFIC

I will lull you with my roar.

CRISIS

I will help you slim much more
Than the dieticians.

FASHION

I will really make you smart.

POLITICS

I will interest you in art.

ART

And I in politicians.

NEW CONSERVATISM

Though I'm getting old and grey
I will alter every day
Lest of Life you weary.

THE VARIETY SISTERS

We, in case the world seem strange
With its chop and chance and change,
Will not ever vary.

SCIENCE, STATE DEPARTMENT, KREMLIN
If, despite the gifts we bear,
Man should find the coming year
Still too grim to face,
Be of cheer! We may combine
So that 1959

Does not take place.

PETER DICKINSON



Vol. 1 No. 1

SPECIMEN COPY

THE UNIVERSAL WEEKLY



NOTICE TO READERS

The multiplicity of magazines on the bookstalls is bad for business. It has therefore been decided to pool the resources of all the leading publications of this type and to offer to the public a "Universal Weekly," representing the combined efforts of upwards of a hundred editorial staffs. The aim will be to cater in every issue for the specialized interests of all periodical readers, as far as possible simultaneously. The publishers feel confident that this Specimen Copy will enlist widespread support.



2647



IN THIS ISSUE

6^d

IS HITLER DEAD?

WHITE MICE AS PETS *by a Solicitor*

ENSEMBLES FOR CHESS EVENINGS

HUMOURS OF THE PAPACY

H. R. Trevor-Roper & Arnold Toynbee

THE EPISTEMOLOGY OF JAZZ

By Bertrand Russell

THROMBOSIS FOR BOYS

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER PTARMIGAN

The Archbishop of York

THE ARTICLE NOBODY WILL PRINT

Randolph Churchill

Crossword, reviews, short stories, free packet of nasturtiums, New York closing prices, patterns, jokes, Gift Branch-line Railway for registered readers, etc., etc.

SPECIMEN PAGE ONE

Devised by:

Eagle

Geographical Magazine

Popular Gardening

Naturalist

Philatelic Magazine

Stitchcraft

THE STORY SO FAR

Captain Bimbo and Goofy, on the track of a triangular Cape of Good Hope with inverted watermark, have been cast ashore on a tropical island in the Samoan group (pop. nil).



1. These islands are of volcanic origin, with a rich soil capable of sustaining a luxuriant growth of vegetation. The fauna is varied, ranging from the silver marmoset (*Mico argentata*) to crustacea which . . .



2. . . sometimes attain a considerable size.



3. "That reminds me," snapped the Captain as one of these huge brutes approached, "that now is the time to cut back those long non-fruiting spurs on pears and apple trees as shown in the accompanying diagram." At that moment the creature seized Goofy in a mighty claw.



4. The plants illustrated are a sub-species (*Samoense*) of the Wild Parsnip, *Peucedanum sativum*, peculiar to these islands.



5. "First, to neutralize that other nipper," thought Bimbo, hurriedly unraveling his pullover.



6. "A simple cross-over stitch should hold it, until next week anyway," he cried merrily, little knowing that a priceless imperforate Samoan fivepenny was almost within his grasp.

LIFE ON VENUS?

THERE are no signs yet from Washington which might give a lead in the abstruse political complications sure to arise in the event of an actual landing in force on the planet Venus. The Republicans are known to be touchy on the subject: Senator Bugle has already intimated before a closed session of the Pirbranch Committee that the nation's economy would be stretched almost to breaking-point by an all-out space-war involving the use of retractable medium missiles of the planet-splitting variety (K77), and Mr. Dulles has not yet committed himself.

Venus (Phosphorus and Hesperus to the ancient Greeks) has a known albedo of 59 per cent, as compared with the moon's albedo of 7 per cent. This suggests the presence of an intensely cloudy atmosphere, and we may assume that the inhabitants have overcome any consequent inconvenience by deep breathing through one nostril, regular weight-lifting in light clothing, and a diet that rigidly excludes starch and boiled sweets. Daphne Chille, the Kensington décor consultant who aroused some interest last year by her daring designs for modernizing the Vatican and the lower end of New Bond Street, is vastly thrilled by the situation. "Houses on Venus," she has stated in a bulletin issued from her chocolate and mouse-grey cabin near Eaton Square, "will be frame-built, collapsible, two-storied, in tantalizing tones of sand colour or off-neutral beige. Suitable drinkables will be vodka, lager with grenadine, or luke-warm Beaune. Cloche hats for the dark side (20 degrees C.), and mad panamas for the more fashionable sunny side (50 degrees C.)."

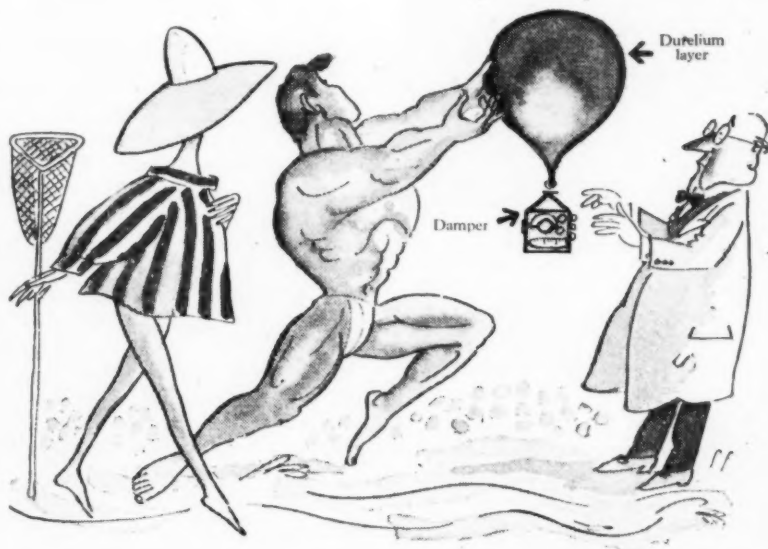
Mr. Universe of 1958, interviewed yesterday while putting the finishing touches to his magnificent set of abdominals, said "I have nothing to fear."

HICCUPS CAN BE CURED!

Why be a martyr to hiccups? Quick relief is easy if you follow the common-sense rules laid down by Jean Fauteuille of Cap d'Arlene, this year's runner-up to Mr. Europe. Now that Cap d'Arlene has been rescued from obscurity by the people who really matter in the international scene, the shy little fishing town bids fair to add another sophisticated jewel to the sparkling diadem that is the Côte d'Azur.

Jean Fauteuille, whom I interviewed yesterday after climbing through his living-room window, gives the impression

of being a plump, greasy moron. He gave me champagne, smoked salmon, brandy, and a cigar, all of which I thoroughly enjoyed. He must be out of his mind: a cup of tea was all I needed. I don't believe he has any outstanding muscles, and he certainly doesn't deserve to be runner-up to Mr. Anywhere. He looked to me as though he doesn't know anything about hiccups. An involuntary spasm of the glottis can be most painful. The inferior thyro-arytenoid ligaments are elastic fibres joining the arytenoid cartilages and the wings of the thyroid cartilage, thus dividing the larynx into upper and lower parts, supporting an



Research into the ionosphere continues under the general direction of Reg Figgins (centre), runner-up in the Mr. Balham Contest 1954. The fuchsia-and-cream beach creation at left is by Balancini.

SPECIMEN PAGE TWO

Devised by:

New Scientist

Vogue

Health & Strength

Spectator

aperture between the vocal chords. This chink is the glottis.

Jean's method for curing hiccups is easy to follow and can be carried out while Parliament is not sitting. Stand straight, left forearm across throat, right foot one pace back, flex muscles of upper neck, then WITHOUT PAUSE pull out and raise arms overhead, KNUCKLES INWARD, complete the hand-stand, and end with Single arm Triceps Stretch 3 x 6, or Press Behind Neck if preferred.

LIVELY NEW NOVELIST

Pennies On His Eyes (Duffie and Windjammer, 12/6d.), a first novel by Marcus Trymme, elegantly combines the faults of extreme youth (if the blurb is to be believed the author is thirteen years old) with the painstaking professionalism of the practised hack. The result is charming. The story is full of wayward, sprightly clumsiness which never quite descends to outright crudity and yet manages to convey (albeit haltingly) a tempestuous impression of its lower-middle-class milieu. The paper itself was part of a batch from Schlenger, Pike and Lulham Ltd., processed by the sensational Dalrymple method in which, after the first dye-proof mixing in multi-axial copper-lined vats independently rotated by a system of gearless, water-driven Kleischer engines, the residual fortified pulp, at a minimal temperature of 110 degrees F., is centrifugally deconvoluted direct into the beating-plant, and layered—thus dispensing with the costly business of pre-tobing, blast-laminating, and hard or soft clamping. The resulting product is smooth, takes ink well, and cuts up nicely into pages. It is perhaps hard to forgive Mr. Trymme for such hackneyed characters as Olive and the odious bookmaker, Sharke; but what a subtle joy to handle the gleaming, off-shrimp jacket! Designed alertly by the indefatigable Prince Xertl of Joa, this coy wisp fits snugly on the sponge-soft covers—immune alike to stain of maraschino or the ravages of pink Majorcan sand—and is endlessly consoling to the touch. Weight is about two pounds. Place novel carefully on the head. Stand erect, chin in, chest out but not straining, hands loose on lower hips. Fix eyes on spot on wall—the corner of a picture-frame will do, if height is comfortable—and take six easy, natural paces forward. Turn round in one movement. Repeat exercise until the novel balances without a tremor. A graceful walk is essential to bodily well-being, and the final scene, in which Olive is rescued from the burning cinema by two Salvation Army officers, is not without its pathos. Recommended for a long train journey.

SPECIMEN PAGE THREE

Devised by:

The Field
Tailor and Cutter
Railway Magazine
Law Journal
Fur and Feather

NOTEBOOK OF THE
WEEK

I WAS highly amused the other week-end, wildfowling my local stretch of river in company with a well-known Lord of Appeal in Ordinary (who perhaps had better be nameless) and Sir Wilmo Chelmer, Q.C., to hear them differing sharply as to the manufacturers of the old Taff Vale 0-6-2 Tank Engines.

Sir Wilmo, whose jacket was pouching badly under the right shoulder-blade, insisted that it was Hawthorn, Leslie & Co., but his Lordship stood on Nasmyth Wilson, and clearly did not relish the contradiction, despite a pleasing morning's bag of three teal and a wigeon—the latter only tipped but cleverly retrieved by my shrewd old Clumber. On the pretext of admiring the Judge's waders and their smart novel thigh-straps in two-button, double-hemmed nylon, I was able to slip in a quiet assurance that both men were right: the Taff Vales, of course, were made not only by both the firms mentioned but by Vulcan Foundry, and when withdrawal began in 1953 the complete class numbered fifty-eight. All were re-boilered by the G.W.R. in 1931.

First Night

For the discerning critic (writes "Thespian") the new thriller at the Olympic Theatre stands or falls by its sound effects. These, though well handled and smartly on cue, unfortunately lack a certain authenticity. When the slick company promoter (Roger de Fyffe, neat in single-breasted, drape-lapel chalk-stripe fully exploiting the actor's advantage of empty pockets free from unsightly bulges) says "Damn that bull-mastiff; if they hear him barking the game's up," the off-stage dog is all too obviously a bull-terrier; there is no mistaking the characteristic

tones of this aristocrat of Terriers and leader of all short-faced breeds. I would go further, and assert that this is the recorded voice of Champion "Ormandy's Mr. McGuffin." Also the train-whistle heard in Act III ("There goes the express," says the Scotland Yard man) fades into the distance without appearing to pass through Patchway Tunnel at all—and the scene is specifically set, according to the programme, in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Piper, "Overlooking the Cattybrook Sidings"! It seems a pity to spoil a play for a ha'p'orth of research. However, in fairness it must be said that the chicken cleverly induced to enter through the French windows during the love scene is a Rhode Island Red, as the dialogue states, and not a Plymouth Rock or Laced Wyandotte or some other deplorable blunder.



Driver Cribthorpe after a good day's sport on the footplate of an Alston-Callington goods. He has recently taken silk by correspondence, and his tie is knotted too near the broad end.

No Litigation

When the Minister of Agriculture, in his recent Lancashire tour, took off his coat in Chat Moss and cut a stack of peat for drying, the municipal party present noticed that his waist-band adjustment, a side-zip and clasp design, had failed earlier and been secured by a large safety-pin. Though the Minister

attempted to pass off the embarrassment lightly he was clearly embarrassed, and a friend of mine who was present said that he spoke later on, at a civic reception, of bringing an action against his tailor. My own feeling, however, based on the rule to be derived from Gladstone v. Klange (1865 6 El. & Bl. 497), is that no case would lie, if only because of the considerable area occupied by the *locus in quo*, and the interpretation placed, at that hearing, on the term "reasonable strain." The incident may be regarded as a salutary commentary on the fashionable flight from braces which, like so much in the sartorial field, imposes discomfort as the price of *chic*. The Minister, who is a keen bird-man, included the Preston Art Gallery in his Lancashire tour, and expressed admiration for a line-and-wash drawing of a pair of Malachite-Shouldered Fruit-Suckers, the work of a Preston plate-layer who found them in the fire-box of an old ex-Caledonian "Jumbo" 0-6-0 when holidaying near Loch Leven.

Rabbit's Return?

Suspected Blackhead in turkeys (caused by the protozoon parasite *Histomonas meleagridis*) was responsible for my first sight of a rabbit (*Oryctolagus cuniculus*) in my part of Hampshire since the great purge by myxomatosis. I had been asked by a farmer friend to have a look at his ailing birds, and donning one of the new short raincoats and a smart waterproof hat (the seam runs fore-and-aft this year) I was crossing the fields on foot when a sharp scuttering caused me to look up and see the unmistakable dab of a white tail disappearing into a copse. I felt very cheered to think that the determined little creatures may make a comeback after all, and only wished that I had had my twelve-bore with me. The case of my friend's turkeys, you will be pleased to hear, proved to be nothing more than soot from the nearby railway line, where the Winchester-bound 4-6-2s thunder past each afternoon. These engines, of course, are notorious for making smoke, and there is talk of re-equipping with superheater boilers of larger (barrel) diameter and a Granger-Cox firebox to improve steam distribution.

Correction

Fireman Joe ("Bubbles") Frampton ("Torts on Tenders," last week) does not now fancy pigeons.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK

SIR JOHN FRINCH, who is, of course, no relation to Lady Frinch. On Friday he stated that the danger of exhaust fumes as a cause of lung cancer had been greatly exaggerated as he himself had breathed them for years without ill effect. He was dummy at the time.



THE HON. MARY CURFEW, who has been elected Miss Overdrive, Miss Ruff, Miss Society and The Girl Most Likely to Cause Heart Failure in 1958 by the editorial staffs of some leading weekly magazines. She said "I owe it all to my hairdresser's where I do my reading."



SPECIMEN PAGE FOUR

Devised by:

*The Motor**Bridge Magazine**Illustrated London News**The Tatler**The Lancet*

AN INTERESTING, IF BRONCHIAL, DAY WAS HAD BY ALL AT THE STROUD GRAND PRIX

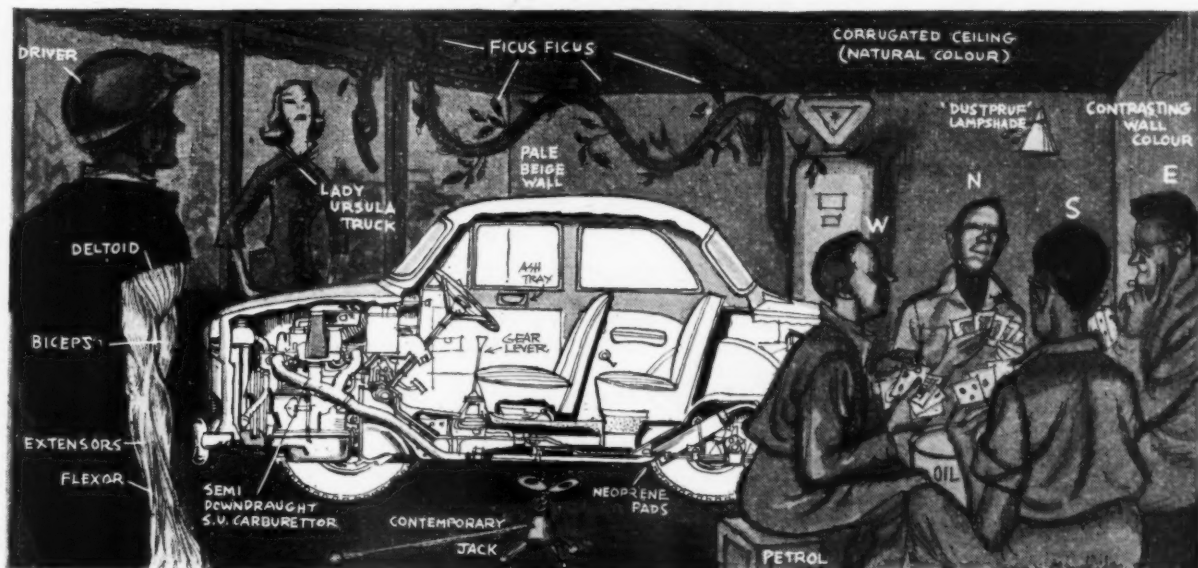
EXCEPT for some rioting by foreign students all went smoothly at Stroud motor races. There was, unfortunately, no opportunity to test the new stretcher and ambulance arrangements, despite some exciting card-play in the club-house. Blood pressure ran high as Lord Alberg attempted to make six spades with a reverse dummy and throw-in play.



The trophy for the Formula II race was presented to the President of Bosnia. It is a reproduction of a recently excavated Sumerian sacrificial urn.



(Left to right). Lady Turnstone, her chauffeur (a markedly arterio-sclerotic type), the new Howard Mk. 1723 c.c. Neptune, a bottle of Vintage Cherry champagne—this year's smart drink—H.H. the Onaki of Ambala, and Mr. Henry Spatch, inventor of the Spatch Five-no-trump convention.



Our artist's impression of the scene during a lull in the pits.

SPECIMEN PAGE FIVE

Devised by:

Punch

Men Only

Country Life

The Kennel Gazette



MISS 1958

A happy group in the gardens of Trelawney Court, the Shropshire seat of Lord Beltrowers, who has bred many winners.

CELEBRITIES AT HOME

I found Colonel and Mrs. Mask in the delightful Cotswold home which they have made out of a yak-drawn omnibus from the old Lhasa-Darjeeling Company's fleet. They have a family of three, and Mrs. Mask has often been able to turn her professional experience as a jeans-designer to good account. Myra is doing post-graduate research on Gorgons at Oxford; Roger, when he is not learning fly-fishing under his father's tuition, works in the Wine and Food section of the Labour Party Policy Bureau; and Bertie, the youngster, is a busy worker for international fellowship and already has pen-friends in Wyoming, Lhasa and Cannes.

In the garden, which is tastefully designed in contrasting tones of green, Colonel Mask has a snake-pit and so far he has collected seventeen varieties,

including an anaconda. Myra has rather an interesting theory about Medusa: she thinks that her snakes did not hiss but were rattlers.

In the very attractive sitting-room with its tiger-skins and arrangements of honesty, Bertie played me the anthems of the United Nations and then, over a glass of Roger's pink vodka, we had a most interesting chat about the effect of 3-D on many things—feminine fashions, Westerns, the aerial photography of Aegean sites, and the explorer's cine-camera.

After an enchanting visit I left with Colonel Mask's witty words ringing in my ears: "In this family we never miss the bus!"

THEY SAY IN THE BAZAAR

Gina Lollobrigida is reading a new treatment of the *Medea* and hopes are high that we shall soon be seeing her in Ancient Greece. Based on some notes left by Brecht, the film version will bring out the political criticism implicit in the contrast of Creon and Ægeus. Auditions are being held for the parts of the children, and the lucky boys and girls will soon be having camera-tests.

The giant radio-telescope at Jodrell Bank was inspected yesterday by pretty starlet Papadopolous. This wonderful feat of British astronomical engineering picks up messages sent us from invisible bodies in the sky. To the hunter tired after a hard day and lying on his saddle looking at the Southern Cross, it seems impossible that the spaces between the bright-shining constellations may be filled with a myriad non-light-emitting bodies, but so, Miss Papadopolous was assured, it is. Naming of these recently discovered inhabitants of the heavens proceeds apace. The resources of classical mythology have already been rather depleted by the astronomers and attention is being turned to post-classical material, though how fertile a source the jejune compilations of Cassiodorus or Isidore of Seville are likely to prove is doubtful.

Readers momentarily at a loss can obtain easy-to-use paper patterns by applying, with sixpenny postal order, to "Aunt Aspasia," U.W. Publications (Patterns) Ltd.

From many lands eager tourists are converging on the little Suffolk town of King's Abbott where, four hundred

SPECIMEN PAGE SIX

Devised by:

Blackwood's
Classical Review
Woman's Own
New Statesman
Children's Newspaper

years ago, was born William Pring, the inventor. He invented the first one-handed gaff, the first practical method of taking squeezes from inscriptions, the first metal jelly mould, the first formula for relating Rates and Hearth-Tax, and the first magic lantern.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

SHIKAREE: *A tale they tell in the Hindu Kush is that camels love the smell of a tannery. Can you confirm this?* As far as camels are concerned we can only repeat hearsay, but the tale has been tested and confirmed as applied to yaks.

PROF. WECH: *The usual interpretation of the opening line of the Aeneid, "Arms and the man I sing," assumes two separate subjects for the poem. Although the interpretation "Arms and poison" has not generally found favour, it has the advantage that "que" links two words of similar meaning, both instruments of death. Virgil uses "Virus" in the Georgics, so there is no reason to assume the word was not in his vocabulary. If you read on you would discover there is nothing whatever about poison in the poem.*

W.A.V.: *I want to knit something for Tommy Steele but do not care to inquire what he would like. Can you advise me? Write to me for my cooling diet, dear.*

DIMITRI: *If the State begins making take-over bids, will not the nature of Equity shares become so altered that retention of the term in argument is misleading? Nonsense.*

FORM III, ST. JESSICA'S: *We think that we must all encourage Albania. Do you agree? We agree we must all encourage the best in Albania.*

COMPETITION (set by Aunt Bream)

Competitors are asked to select mottoes for two of the following: Tenzing, Sir Maurice Bowra, Godfrey Winn, Eartha Kitt, Chris Chataway.

WIFE OR MATE?

(*New readers begin here:*—Fern thinks Dawn is after her job in the Ashmolean; but really she is hoping to get nominated as Parliamentary Candidate by the constituency Labour Party of her home town. Dawn's little brother Wilf is one of a party who are camping in the Sahara under the leadership of Major Bean, the Conservative Candidate and a famous student of the ways of grizzlies. His sister Melisande does the menus at the British Academy. Ernest Carter's love has not often led to a wedding-ring. *Now read on.*)

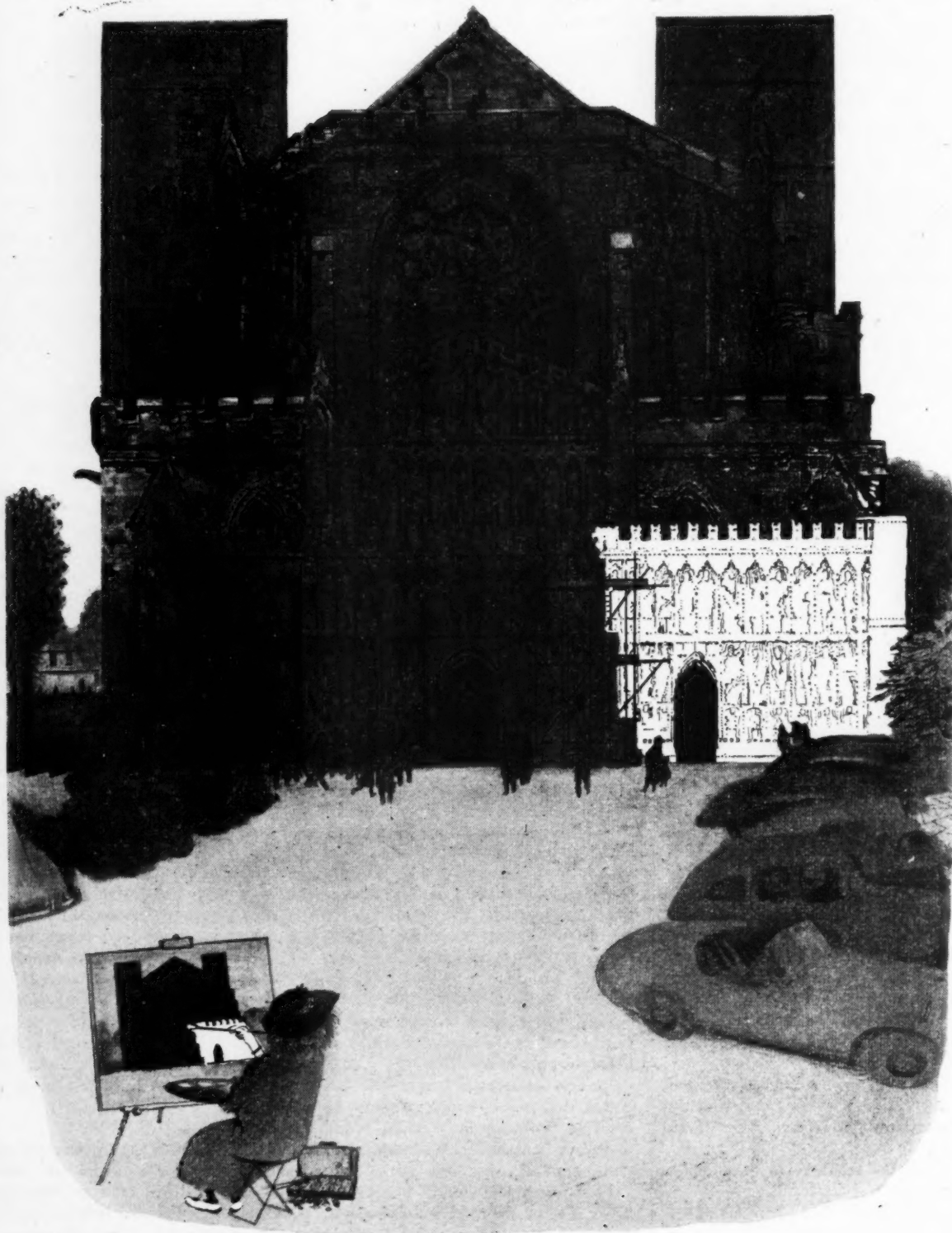
"Anaximander had a phrase for it," Sir John said gaily as he hauled himself up the cross-traverses, noticing as he passed them the rocks named after famous geologists and murmuring to himself short, picturesque summaries of their careers. As he gained a foothold on Bette, the problem that had been gnawing at him all through his holiday suddenly solved itself. "What about a Customs Union between Eire and the Isle of Man?" he thought. It would be a first step.

Bette clasped him hungrily to her. Though she knew his scholarship was impeccable she murmured "*Pecca fortiter.*"

Meanwhile in Liskeard great doings were afoot.

(*Next week: Ted's plan fails!*)

Adams





STRENGTH THROUGH MODESTY

AN inquiry into the techniques whereby some first-person-singular heroes of fiction call attention with modesty, albeit with success, to their own great strength. With special reference to Jan Ridd and Richard Chandos.

By RICHARD USBORNE

"A gnarled and half-starved oak, as stubborn as my own resolve, and smitten by some storm of old, hung from the crag above me. Rising from my horse's back, although I had no stirrups, I caught a limb, and tore it (like a mere wheat-awn) from the socket. Men show the rent even now, with wonder; none with more wonder than myself."—Lorna Doone

LORNA DOONE is a story told by its hero. He is Gaffer Ridd by the time he comes to put it all down. But it takes him back to the time when he was young Jan Ridd, a girt hunk of a man, but attractively gauche and simple. By the criteria, and in the jargon, of modern egg-head literary criticism, no novel is any good unless it can be read at several levels. Well, *Lorna Doone* can be read at least at one and a half levels. The one level is that of the feud between the good Ridds and the bad Doones on Exmoor in the 1680s. The half-level is that of the narrator-hero's efforts to show, without being caught swanking, what a superb slice of beef-cake he had been.

At this half-level some other romances and romancers, as far separate as Homer and Dornford Yates, can bear rapid re-examination. But Ridd was the greatest of all performers in the genre. It is Ridd, therefore, who gives his name to the subject under discussion in this paper.

Let us look up the dictionary. Here is the definition we are seeking:

Ridd'ery, n. Joc. euphem. for abs. swank, disguised as somet. sup. modesty, about own prowess, esp. exag. physical strength, by narrator in autobiog. fict. F. John Ridd in Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*. (Also v. sub. **beef-cake** and **trompe-l'oeil**).

The keyword in this definition is "disguised."¹ The *anagnorisis* (to

borrow a word from Aristotle) or *Gorbliney Moment*—the moment when the disguise is lifted—needs, as we shall see, very careful timing.

The categories of Riddery will be analysed later, but for the moment consider the many-splendoured virtuosity of the *Lorna Doone* quotation above. Note the casual authority of "although I had no stirrups," the shining simile of the "mere" wheat-awn (which sounds all the more mere because nobody knows what a wheat-awn is), the test-of-time dimension added in "Men show the rent even now," the throw-away "with wonder," and the final magnificent modesty of the last clause. Gaffer Ridd may say it beats

¹Note that the self-laudatory chant of Mowgli after the death of Shere Khan does not count as Riddery. That is just a proud man recounting his own deeds of glory. And the same applies to the Zulu chants after big, gory battles, that are such a feature of Rider Haggard's African romances. Brigadier Gerard's tales are not Riddery because the swanking is not disguised. Rudolf Rassendyll in *The Prisoner of Zenda* has a bit of the Gerard in him. But

when he first rides into Streslau dressed as, and acting as, his double, the King, "I should be paying a poor compliment to the King if I did not set modesty aside and admit that I made a very fine figure" is a polished bit of amused Riddery. It was that white uniform that made Rudolf so cock-a-hoop.

The English cricketer's "Oh, I managed to scratch up a couple of centuries" is just muddled mock modesty, or *mixomeiosis*.

him how he did it, but you see that he takes parties out of their way to show them the rent. It is *then* that he scratches his head in engagingly bewildered modesty.

This is Paganini stuff.

We must begin to quote heavily from the sacred texts in order to establish the disguises which real Riddery employs.² There are six. The first must be called

The Buried Gorbliney

This is the sentence, or thought, planted early in the text, but casually, as it seems. The reader should tend to miss it first time through. On second reading this apparently casual sentence, or thought, enhances and inflates the whole strength-display. The "although I had no stirrups" clause is one example. What you miss, until you think back, is that Ridd rose from his horse's back *from the knees*. Which made the tearing out of the tree limb a far more exacting task. See also the story of Ridd's fight with the Cornish Carnera. It is only after you have read the result of the wrestling match that you go back to the Vital Statistics, and see what odds, of breadth and girth, Ridd had been giving.³ The Cornishman's calf was 25 inches around; his shoulders 27 inches across; he stood 7 feet 9 inches and was 70 inches round the chest. Against these Cornish figures of 25, 27, 93, 70, Ridd was only 21, 24, 79, 60. But when they had their wrestling match:

"the giant was but a farthingale put into the vice of a blacksmith. The man had no bones; his frame sank in, and I was afraid of crushing him . . . I might as well have sent for a match with a hay-mow."

Again, the two odd, rustic words,

farthingale and hay-mow, that you must look up in the dictionary some day. They both sound tremendously puny: but what are they?⁴

The next category of disguise might be called:

The "Oh, I Wouldn't Call That Strong!"

"Now, I am not seven feet high: nor ever was six feet eight inches, in my very prime of life; and nothing vexes me so much as to make me out a giant . . ."

That's Ridd, again discreetly calling attention to his Vital Statistics. Ridd stripped for wrestling at seventeen stone.

"Mother was very proud, and said she could never have too much of me . . ."

Note the calm Superman success in the gold mine. Nobody else could swing the one hammer. Ridd cried "This little tool is too light!" and strapped

three hammers together and swung them. Ridd was gentle, too.

"Even as in the wrestling ring, whatever man did his best and made an honest conflict, I always laid him down with softness, easing off his dusty fall . . ."

And brave . . .

"His bullet struck me somewhere, but I took no heed of that . . ."

Next comes:

The "Oh, I Wish I Weren't So Strong!"

Ridd complained that the maidens tittered in church when he walked up the aisle, and many a time else he was self-conscious about his size and strength:

"I grew shame-faced about the matter, and feared to encounter a looking-glass . . ."

Dornford Yates's Chandos, in *Cost*

²When Sherlock Holmes straightened out the poker that Dr. Grimesby Roylott had bent into a curve with his huge brown hands ("The Speckled Band"), that may have been Riddery, but more probably it was swank undisguised. In any case it was not first-person-singular narration. We catch Bulldog Drummond straightening pokers and doing other muscle-man parlour tricks at the beginning of *The Female of the Species*: but his (infrequent) references to his own strength are *mixture*, not Riddery.

³For a good fight between a smallish hero and a giant villain, with much use of contributory Vital Statistics, see Hannay's set-to with Von Stumm in Buchan's *Greenmantle*.

⁴There is a smooth bit of Buried Gorbliney in *The Odyssey*. Odysseus is at the court of Alcinoos, father of Nausicaa. He starts to reminisce about how he had blinded and diddled the Cyclops and had got his men off the island into their ship. As they pulled away, Odysseus, in some valedictory hexameters, had said to the Cyclops "Sucks to you, and serve you right!"

"So I spake, and he was mightily angered at heart, and he brake off the peak of a great hill and threw it at us, and it fell in front of the dark-prowed ship. And the sea heaved beneath the fall of the great rock, and the backward flow of the wave bare the ship quickly to the dry land, with the wash from the deep sea, and drave it to the shore. Then I caught up a long pole in my hands, and thrust the ship from off the land, and roused my company . . ." (Butcher and Lang's translation.)

Observe that Odysseus claims that he, personally and alone, punted a ship, minimum 16 tons (see *Die Kunst Bei Homer*, Brunn) and containing a crew heavy with sleep, off the beach and into deep water. The wily Odysseus moves on with his story without even a full stop. But he is not insensible to the flattery of that sharp intake of breath and that certain smile near the pillar, when, several pages later, the obol drops with the charming Nausicaa.

⁵Compare P. G. Wodehouse's Ukridge in one of his hurried exits from his Aunt Julia's Wimbledon house ("Ukridge and the Home from Home"): "I nipped into my room, brushing aside the bullets, reached hastily for my mackintosh, and legged it down the stairs . . ."



Price, was asked to substitute for the Strong Man in a Mitteleuropean Circus. As it gave him a chance to smuggle the £20 m. Hohenems Treasure out of Naziland, he accepted the weight-lifting job. He could lift the heaviest weights "without any fuss," but he split the property costume all round the shoulders and brisket. What a curse bigness is!

A refinement of Riddery⁶ very expertly practised by Dornford Yates's heroes is:

The Double Take, or Delayed Apodosis

In *Fire Below* Chandos got caught in a mill-race for a lung-bursting chapter of thoroughly wet struggling. He emerged safely, though. His loyal girlfriend Lelia said afterwards:

"Agen the miller drowned himself in that race. It took six men to get his body out, and the water had broken his neck and both legs."

When, in *Perishable Goods*, the villainous Casemate had upped and shot Jonah in the stomach in the Castle of Gath, Chandos knocked Casemate down on to his face and drove his knife into his spine. Separated from this moment by a good fifteen pages comes the burial of Casemate.

"I trust he will lie undisturbed for the rest of our days for, do what we would, we could not withdraw my knife, but were forced to bury the dead with this document fast in his back."

So writes Chandos. It must have been a fine blow with the knife. It is a perfect Delayed Apodosis.

In *She Fell Among Thieves*, Chandos' first eclogical sight of his future second wife, Jenny, was through his binoculars, while she stood naked, in the distance, by a rill that fell into a pool in a valley in the Dordogne. She was just about to bathe, chaperoned by her huge Great Dane. As Chandos watched this vision

"The snap of a twig brought me about in a flash. Twelve feet away was crouching a great giant of a man..."

After a bit of a ding-dong in the wet



grass with this giant, Chandos used his binoculars again, this time as knuckle-dusters:

"As a man puts the weight,⁷ I planted those heavy glasses full on the side of his head, not letting them go, but with all my might behind them... and I am a heavy man.

I believe that he died there and then, but I cannot be sure..."

It is a page and a half later that Chandos tells us that his binoculars "apart from their horrid condition" were out of shape. When he looked for the girl again, with the—er—naked eye, she wasn't there. And when, later, Chandos told Jonah how the battle went, and how he did the man in with his glasses, Jonah said:

"Did you, though? History repeats itself. Your prototype did his damage with the jawbone of an ass..."

So there is Jonah, a very strong man, calling Chandos Samson. There is a deal of good Riddery in this episode.

The car-moving incident in *Red in the Morning* must be our last Delayed Apodosis example from Yates. It is a good one. Chandos wanted to send the villainous Baron's limousine ack-over-tock over the culvert and into the dell.

"I laid hold of the bumper bar..."

For the moment I thought I should have to call on Bell, for the car was very heavy and her tyre-pressure something low. And then I found she was moving... And then she seemed to throw in her hand...

As I leaped clear..."

When the Baron discovered that his car had gone he couldn't credit that it could have been moved. "... That'd take four strong men," he said.

Jeffery Farnol's *Martin Conisby's Vengeance* has a parallel passage to this. Although it is tempting to keep it for our coming subdivision of "Womanly Tributes," we will use it now.

"To this end and with great exertion, by means of lever and tackle I hauled inboard her four great stern-chase guns, at the which labour my lady, chancing to find me, falls to work beside me right merrily.

'Why, Martin,' says she when the four pieces stood ready to hand, 'I have seen five men strain hard to move one of these—indeed you must be marvellously strong.'"

Do you remember the great fight Martin put up under the mocking eyes of the pirate-beauty Joanna? Martin was one against twelve. He decided to face them with folded arms and get it over quickly (see also our later section "Sorry, I got Cross"). But then

"this fine resolution was brought to none account by a small piece of drift-wood that one of these fellows hove at me, thereby setting my mouth a-bleeding; stung by the blow and forgetting all but my anger, I leapt and smote with my fist and then he and his fellows were upon me..."

There was a tremendous scrap, and

"I fought them very joyously... but ever as I smote one down, another leapt to smite, so that presently my breath began to labour..."

That is a charming Delayed Apodosis... Martin was just a little puffed! Still, down he went in the end, and then, poaching forward into our "Womanly Tributes" Section (that's the trouble

⁶Chandos actually mentions Ridd by name, in *Red in the Morning*:

"So established, I used my torch, to see that I was standing in the midst of a water-slide... I borrow that name from John Ridd, because it exactly describes this remarkable fall which, swift and strong... outlet... tunnel... shaft... water... cavern... etc."

There is a great deal of Underground Waterway work in the Dornford Yates "Chandos" books. Chandos and Jonah packed a lot of oilskins in the Rolls when they went adventuring.

"I lodged her against a stalagmite" is a sentence in *Red in the Morning*, but it might have come from any of about six of the Chandos books.

⁷See Chandos' treatment of Boler, the villainous Nazi, in *Cost Price*: "Then as a man puts the weight, I put his face to the wall..." And a very nasty result it is. At the beginning of Jeffery Farnol's *Black Bartlemy's Treasure*, the galley-slave (Martin Conisby, Lord Wendover) made similar hash of Pedro, the whipmaster. Martin had wrapped the broken oar-chain round his fist... "My iron-bound fist took him full between the eyes, and looking down upon his crushed and spattered face as he lay..." There is a ghoulis treatise to be written about Hitting in the Face, and the Detailed Description Thereof, in Fact and Fiction, Through the Ages: starting possibly with Virgil's K.O.d boxer ("mixtosque in sanguine dentes").

with Farnol. He does superfatate so), we get Joanna softened . . .

"'O Martino,' says she in my ear, 'O fool Englishman, could you but love as you do fight . . .'"

The Womanly Tribute

When a hero has striven and won through by grit and muscle, it is good for him to find his brow being cooled by some ministering angel who really appreciates that it *was* grit and muscle. Lorna is not very prompt to praise Ridd for his strength. In fact she either mildly teases him about it, or doesn't mention it. It is in Yates's novels that Womanly Tributes are most frequent.

"Tell me something you cannot do," says the Grand Duchess Leonie to Chandos in *Blood Royal* after he has fought the good fight.

"What can't you do?" said Lady Elizabeth Virgil, Countess of Brief, to Richard Exon, the hero-narrator of *She Painted Her Face*. Exon, storming an Austrian castle for the love of a Lady, as a good Yates hero should, had swung that Lady up through a window with one hand by the scruff of her riding breeches.*

"How did it happen, Samson?" said Mona Lelong (The Stoat) to Chandos, after a tremendous underground struggle in *Red in the Morning*. When, in the previously quoted passage from *Fire Below*, Lelia congratulated Chandos on his escape from the mill-race:

"'God forgive me,' said I, 'I am very lucky.'"

"You are very strong," she said."

But if the lady was slow in complimenting Chandos, he could compliment himself by seeming to compliment her. In *Cost Price* . . .

"Colette was not used, as I was, to journeys like this, and her legs were very slender and were not furnished, as mine were, with tendons like steel."

Shortly afterwards Colette compared her hero favourably with Hercules. Be sure Chandos wrote it all down and sent it to Ward Lock to publish.

A last category of Riddery is:

The "Sorry, I Got Cross" or "Ouch! That Hurt, You Cad!"

It is a recognized gimmick that however tough and perilous for the hero

*Foreign countesses in riding breeches are quite the thing in this type of literature. See John Buchan's Countess Araminta Troyos in *The House of the Four Winds*.



a fight may be, he does not put out his ultimate and lethal strength until his opponent has made him really cross . . . bitten him, or pulled his hair, or said something beastly about his mother. Hannay only really exerted his strength properly against the monstrous Stumm in *Greenmantle* when Stumm tweaked up the places where Hannay was still full of shrapnel from Loos. Martin Conisby only got going in that fight in front of Joanna because someone made his mouth bleed with a thrown piece of driftwood. When Chandos and Orris were struggling above the torrent, in *Cost Price*, Chandos was hanging on to the rope with one hand, while Orris was hanging on to Chandos in a suspended rigger-tackle. Then Orris (not a Harrovian) bit Chandos in the leg, and Chandos got cross . . .

"I took my right hand from the rope and found his throat. And then I tore him off me and shook him with all my might. Then I dragged his face up to mine and looked into his eyes, to meet the bright stare of horror, with which such beings greet death."

They both went down into the watery grave, but Chandos alone fought his way out.

Ridd's gathering of the sheep in the snowstorm ("people talk of it to this day") was in answer to a sort of challenge from the elements. In a way he had lost his temper with the storm.

The crack as a bone broke, either the hero's or the villain's, almost always

meant the fight was becoming serious. Remember when, in his fight with Carver Doone, Ridd heard his rib break? . . .

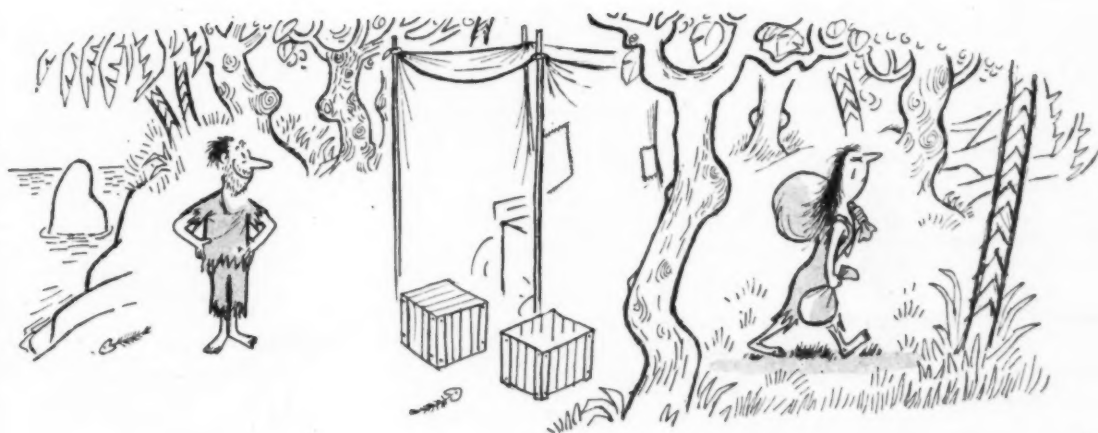
"I heard my rib go; I grasped his arm, and tore the muscle out of it (as the string comes out of an orange); then I took him by the throat . . . Beneath the iron of my strength . . . for God that day was with me . . . I had him helpless in two minutes, and his fiery eyes lolled out."

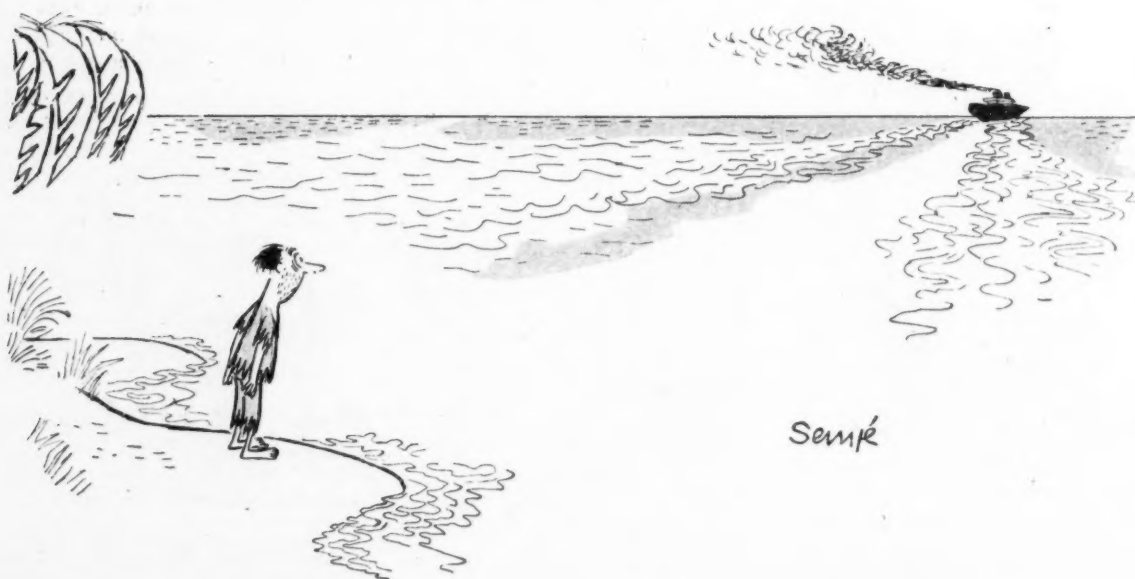
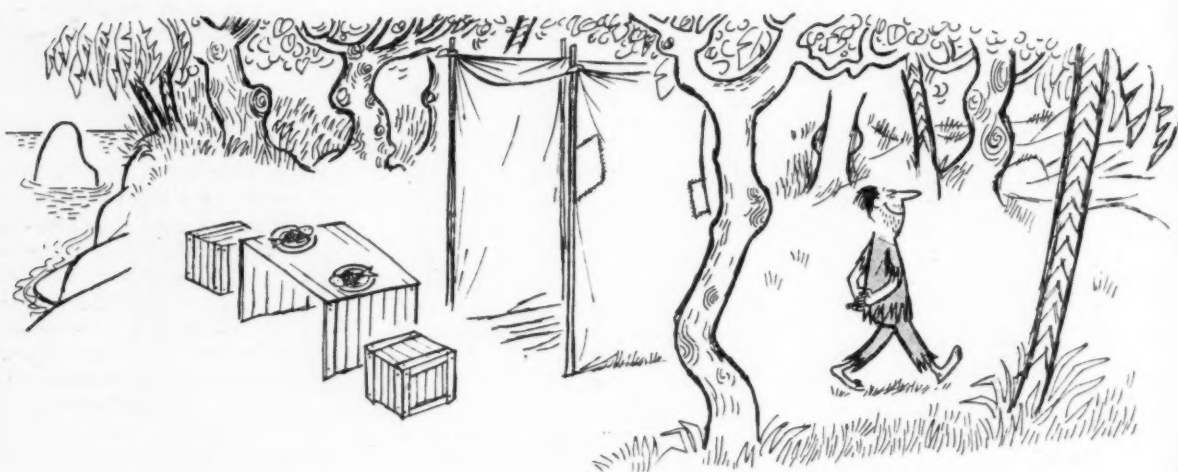
And Chandos again, in *Red in the Morning*, when the man went for his eyes, the cad.

"It was all I could do to hold him, strong as I am: and I had a strange idea that I was gripping a serpent in human guise . . . He was trying to reach my eyes, so I snapped the arm that I held and captured his other wrist. And then I saw fear in his eyes.

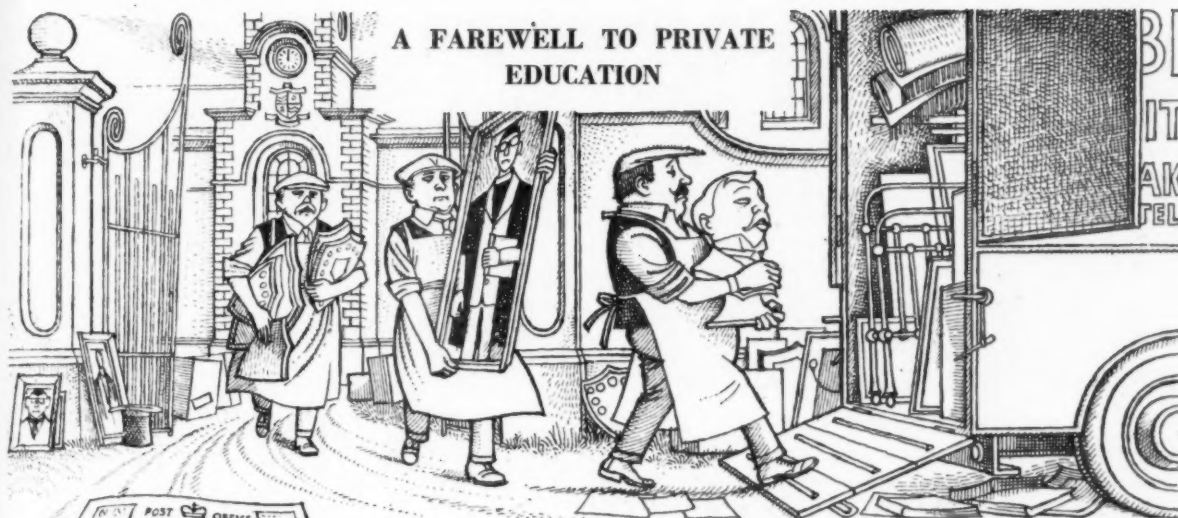
'Yes,' I said, 'you're dying. I've always been pretty strong . . .'"

When our heroes relate their stories themselves . . . from Samson in the Old Testament to Sergeant Joe Friday on telly, they have the same problem: how to communicate their fine feats of thew and muscle without incurring the odium of being frightful swanks. Read *Lorna Doone* again when you next get a clear six months in hospital. That shows the problem at its most profound, and its solution at its most ingratiating. And keep an eye peeled for Riddery in all your relaxed reading of heroic romances thereafter.





A FAREWELL TO PRIVATE EDUCATION



From All The Governors

DEAR PARENT,—It is with very sincere regret, and only after the most earnest consideration, that we have decided that, so far from being able once again to raise the fees, we shall never more be in a position to charge you a penny.

The threat to nationalize, or at least denaturalize, our great Public Schools, long semi-dormant in certain political quarters, now looms so large upon the horizon that we no longer feel justified in carrying on. The enemy is at the gates. The dead hand of State education lies heavy upon our form rooms and our playing fields, our chapels, museums and gymnasias, our fives courts, armouries, observatories, Prefects' Rooms and after-games tubs. Our Shells, our Removes, even perhaps the History Sixth in which so many of your Governors dreamed their youth away, will vanish beneath the muddy waters of bureaucratic "streams." A hard, bright efficiency, including cream paint at heights of five feet six and upwards, will conceal the patina of our ancient walls.

The doom that awaits the Public Schools menaces no less instantly the countless Preparatory Schools that have supplied them for generations with the Right Type of Boy. When the Public Schools are no more, for what shall the Preparatory Schools prepare? The fact must be faced that the days of private education are over.

In these circumstances the Governors have no hesitation in appealing for contributions to an **IN MEMORIAM TRUST FUND** to commemorate the passing of private education. It would ill become our great schools, who in all their long history have never failed to mark an Occasion (be it Quatercentenary, Coronation, Opening of Pavilion, War, Peace or Retirement of Head) by launching an Appeal—it would ill become us to allow this greatest and saddest date of all, Abolition Day, to pass without setting a target of at least several million pounds.

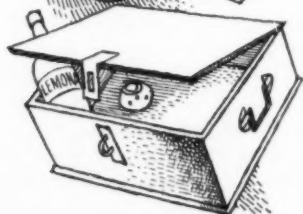
The Fund will be administered by your Governors, who would otherwise be rather at a loose end, and all monies received will be employed

(i) on the erection and maintenance of a Memorial Mausoleum, for the safe keeping of sacred school relics, Founders' names, Honour Boards, files of school magazines etc., and

(ii) to assist reputable Old Boys to send their sons overseas to be educated in lands where the breath of freedom can still be paid for as an Extra.

We feel confident that many parents, embarrassed by the cessation of school bills, will welcome this opportunity to dispose of their surplus money.

To remind older parents of all that is being so wantonly cast away, the Governors have pleasure in attaching an "In Memoriam" Preparatory School Prospectus, a leaf from a School Magazine and other relevant matter.



In Memoriam

THE SCHOOL PROSPECTUS

SITUATION

Mauleverer House lies among heath and pinewoods not far from unfrequented coves. Fast trains from Waterloo and slow trains from Clapham Junction bring the School within easy reach of Town. Sandy soil. Special arrangements can be made for parents who prefer limestone.

MOTTO

In Deo, Regina Harcourt-Jonesique fidimus

HISTORY

Mauleverer House was originally opened by the Reverend Thos. Jones in South London, subsequently moving to Newhaven and later to Sutton Courtenay. It reopened in its present buildings in 1937.

For the past twelve years the Joint Principals have been Flight-Chaplain the Rev. James D'arcy-Parker, F.Z.S., Mrs. D'arcy-Parker (*née* Harcourt-Jones) and Major Vane-Vane-Vane, F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

The School has been inspected by the Ministry of Education.

BUILDINGS

The class-rooms are airy, light and efficiently heated (in winter). The spacious Dining- and Assembly-hall is available for lectures and entertainments. There are four Houses—Alfred, Egbert, Edgar and Athelstan. Each House contains, in addition to the dormitory, a cubicle for members of the staff. All Houses have meals and recreation in common to promote the maximum loyalty to the School. The War Memorial takes the form of accommodation for Art and Science. This room, which contains upwards of thirty places, will, it is hoped, be equipped with mains water as a result of the Thos. Jones Centenary Appeal.

The Principals' House, where parents are always welcome, is separated from the School only by a walled rose-garden. Every boy is invited to tea with Mrs. D'arcy-Parker in the panelled drawing-room during his school life, a much-appreciated privilege.

The Changing rooms are architect-designed.

ENTRANCE

The normal age of entry is eight, though suitable boys may be admitted at an earlier age if good cause be shown. Parents, who should, where possible, be professional men, are requested to enter their sons upon the waiting-list as early as they can.

FEES

One Hundred guineas per term or By Arrangement.

EXTRAS

These are kept to a minimum. The Consolidated Extras fee is 6 guineas per term. Other extras include:

Library: Lower School, 5/-. Middle School, 10/-. Upper School, 2 gns.

Laundry, 1 gn. *Choir,* 1 gn. *Allotment,* 1 gn. *'Cello,* 5 gns. *Timpani,* £3 5s. *Handbells,* £1 10s. *Wrestling,* 6 gns. *Philately,* 1 gn. *Charities,* 4 gns. *Meat Tea,* 2 gns. *Hot-water bottle,* 7/6d. *Chiroprapist,* 2 gns.

BROTHERS

Five per cent reduction in fees is allowed for brothers, 2½ per cent for half-brothers.

CURRICULUM

The main emphasis is laid upon formation of character.

GAMES

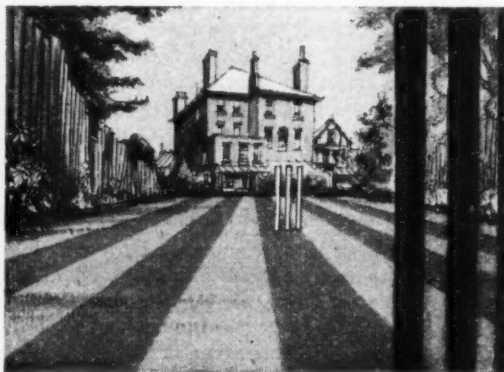
All boys are encouraged to play for school teams, of which there are a number adapted to the capabilities of every type of boy. The principal games played are Rugby Football, Hockey and Cricket. Where necessary boys are familiarized with the Association game. In the Summer Term sea-bathing is a much appreciated feature of the programme: in deference to the opinion of the School Medical Officer, no Swimming Bath is provided.

OTHER ACTIVITIES

Boys are permitted to pursue hobbies after prep and on Sundays between Morning Chapel and Walk, and Letters and Evening Chapel. The keeping of pets is encouraged: the Principals will be glad to quote boarding-terms. Every encouragement is given to the "Cubs," which are conducted with self-sacrificing devotion by various public-spirited friends of the School from the neighbourhood. The Principals gladly lend the services of masters and mistresses to this good work when

they are not otherwise engaged.

The School Concert is held at the end of the Summer Term. At Christmas a Carol Service is held to which all parents are welcome. At Easter the Cubs present an entertainment. The School Sports, which include a Fathers' Race, take place during the last week of the Spring Term. Prize Day is held on the last full day of the Summer Term. Founder's Day is celebrated on the nearest Saturday to July 1st. Old Boys' Day is the third Saturday in each term. On the first Sunday in Advent, by a long-standing tradition, the School Pipe Band visits the wards of the Cottage Hospital during the afternoon.



The West Wing from the Cricket Pitch

SCHOOL RULES

Permission to bring bicycles must be requested in writing fourteen days before the opening of *each* term. In no circumstances may boys have access to Tuck Boxes except during Break on Thursdays, when Tuck will be issued by the Matron-on-duty. The School recognizes only Tuck Boxes approved as to contents by the Principals. This approval has been accorded to Tuck Boxes supplied by Messrs. Tippet of Camhampton.

No boy may be removed from the School without a full term's notice. In exceptional cases two terms' notice may be required.

STAFF

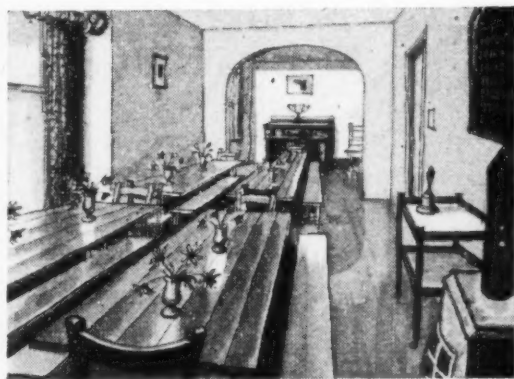
The Principals are assisted by a fully qualified staff of resident and visiting masters and mistresses, who are not merely instructors in the subjects of the curriculum but voluntarily devote much of their leisure time to joining the boys in their pastimes and setting a healthy tone.

HEALTH

The Health Record of the School is exceptionally good. Every boy remains under the personal supervision of Mrs. D'arcy-Parker and her staff of matrons throughout his school career. The School Medical Officer is Dr. Charles Brown, late of the Panama Marine Medical Service, under whose direction records are kept of weight and height. The local Cottage Hospital is within a stone's throw of the school.

OLD BOYS

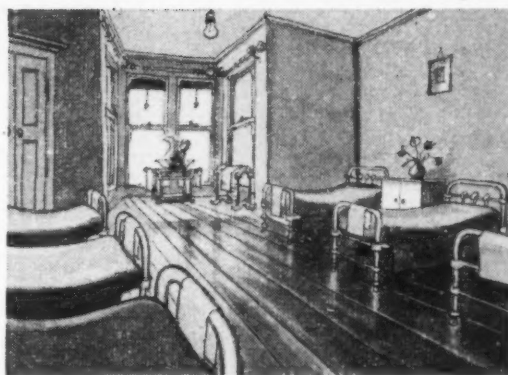
There is a flourishing Old Boys' Association which does yeoman work in raising generous endowments for the school. The President of the Association is Mrs. D'arcy-Parker. The Vice-Presidents are The Lord Bishop of the Diocese, the Lord Lieutenant, the Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference and the Chairman of the County Council (*ex officio*).



A Corner of the Dining-room

The Honorary Chairman of the Executive Committee is T. Tippet, Esq.

It may be of interest to remember that our Old Boys include Benjamin ("Benny") Foster, the celebrated Paisley cricketer, and Mr. Arthur Wood, author of the delectable romances in which "Clancy the Cop" plays the leading role.



One of the Dormitories—the "Blue"

GROUNDS

The School stands in six acres of grounds which include a kitchen garden, from which fresh vegetables are supplied to the kitchen, and extensive playing-fields. Lying beyond the drive is an area which is allowed to remain wild, a greatly enjoyed amenity.

UNIFORM

All boys are required to wear the School uniform, obtainable only from Messrs. Tippet of Camhampton, who will also provide all items on the compulsory haberdashery list. All clothes, underclothes, handkerchiefs, minor articles of clothing and pieces of sports gear must be marked in BLOCK CAPITALS with the owner's name, initials, school number, House and date of birth.

CHAPEL

At the moment services are held in the temporary Chapel. It is hoped that the objects of the Centenary Fund will include the provision of a permanent Chapel. Anglican devotions (Moderate) are held every morning and evening throughout the week. On Sundays the School attends, in addition, Matins at the Parish Church: the Rector is Honorary Chaplain to the School. A sound knowledge of the hymnal is instilled into all boys except those for whom special arrangements are made at the request of their parents. In accordance with a long-standing tradition all collections are silver.

A TYPICAL DAY IN THE LIFE OF A SENIOR

7	Réveillé	2.15	Roll-call
7.15	Parade	2.30	Changing
7.30-8	Breakfast	2.45	Games: Detention
8	Shoe inspection	3.50	Changing
8.15	Chapel	4.5	Latin
8.30	Roll-call	4.50	English Grammar
8.45	Assembly	5.35	Parade
9	Latin	5.50-6.30	Supper
9.45	Algebra	6.30	Prep
10.30	Break: Milk	7.15	Hobbies
10.50	Latin	7.25	"Chuggles"
11.35	Drawing: P.T.	7.30	Chapel
12.20	Locker inspection	7.45	Parade
12.30	Parade	8	Cocoa
12.45-1.45	Dinner	8.15	Bed
1.50	Rest: Cub tests	8.30	Lights Out.

In Memoriam

THE SCHOOL MAGAZINE

EDITORIAL

Far be it from us as humble participators in the Editorial Chair occupied last term with such distinction by K. P. O'D. and R.W. to attempt to animadvert at subjects of world-wide importance such as the H-bomb which daily delight the perusers of the famous leading lights of the National Press. Rather do we inquire with all due respect as to the whereabouts of a certain Old Satterthwaitensian who, it is rumoured, was last seen pursuing a sadly battered top hat in the general direction of the Sanny—on no less an occasion, what's more (and please note that we have resisted the temptation, *pace* Mr. Oscar Wilde, to give the game away by writing "what's Moore!") than the unveiling of the new High-Diving Board in the presence of All and Sundry (not to mention other distinguished O.Ss!).

Incidentally, when are we going to see that much-needed coat of paint on the railings outside Hoskins's? Enough is as good as a feast, however, and we hasten to conclude by saying (not without some trepidation as regards Mr. B—ly, whose eagle eye will as usual, no doubt, scrutinize our Latin grammar):

Floreat Schola Satterthwaitensis! Floreant Satterthwaitenses!—(P.J.S. and N.T.P.).

SCHOOL NOTES

We say farewell with regret to Mr. J. R. Thwack, B.A. It is difficult, as always, to imagine the School without him. We welcome in his place, none the less, Mr. C. Gold, B.A. (Hons.) and wish him many happy years with the Upper Third.

Congratulations to B. Ellesmere on winning his Green for Squash. Also to O. A. Tring, R. Brember, J. H. Cruttwell, N. Stretch and P. Goodbody on their various achievements. Profit on the Tuck Shop last term amounted to £48 17s. 8d.

The First XI have had quite a successful season, losing only five matches and drawing three.

Our renewed thanks go out to Mrs. Foster and her ladies who have once again presented embroidered cushions to the Library.

The Annual Dance was well attended despite an outbreak of mumps, there being not too many present for comfort, and yet at the same time a goodly number.

VALETE. O. A. Tring (Exhib. Clare College); S. Fletcher (to study irrigation in Kashmir); A. Smith (*exempli gratia*).

DRAMATIC SOCIETY

The School Society rendered William Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* before an enthusiastic audience, B. Atkinson (School House) giving to the name-part a distinction it often lacks. Where all were so good it is invidious

to mention names, but M. A. Potts cantered through Volturnia's lines with rare aplomb and S. Boobayah (Day Boys) brought the house down as Menenius. The settings were admirable and Mr. Curtis produced with his customary pluck.

LIBRARY

The following has been kindly presented to the School Library and is much appreciated: *My Life, Grave and Gay*, by Samuel Wap (Potter's, 1912-15).

Will anyone who removed *The Heroes* from the Library and has not returned them let me have it back?

CRICKET

Tugwell College ... 185 (for 2 dec.)
School ... 39 and 58.

Though this match was ultimately lost, R. Boyle bowled steadily throughout our opponents' innings and Dickinson showed greatly improved form behind the stumps. When our turn came to bat Hitchcock defended stoutly for half an hour, but there were one or two disappointing failures. The School's second innings, however, did much to redeem the situation. In particular, the display of Brown and D. Rumbold against some moderately accurate bowling boded well for the future.

FOUNDER'S DAY

This was generally voted to be one of the most successful in our history, even the heavy rain failing to damp the enthusiasm engendered. Reviewing the past year the Headmaster said that he had nothing but praise for what had been done which reflected the highest credit on all concerned, but for whom he would not have been able to present so satisfactory a report. Athletic and academic honours were of less importance than character, on which the School rightly prided itself.

Presenting the prizes, Sir Willoughby Strake, M.B.E. (Potter's 1925-29), who administered a hearty handshake to each recipient, recalled that much of his life had been spent in Borneo, where a manly job of work was still waiting to be done. If we all thought more of service than of financial reward we should have no need to feel ashamed. The traditional raspberry ices were enjoyed later in the Museum, owing to the weather.

Reverie

'Tis dusk, and all the world
In solemn stillness waits
For Night, whose mantle furled
Will soon be at the gates.

Oh, then, my soul, be quiet
While darkness drear draws on;
Be still my beating heart
For Night will soon be gone.
D. Baker (*Lower Va*)

NEWS OF OLD BOYS

DAVID STRING (1949/52) is now Assistant Organist at Kumbaka, Southern Swaziland, and would like to hear from any O.S.s. similarly employed.

PETER TURLEY (1951/55) has represented his College at Hockey and is thinking of getting married. Well done, Peter!

R. BINNS (Hoskins's, 1956) is no longer at St. Mary's, Wensleydale.

CHRISTOPHER ("BUMBLES") MADDOCK (1944/50) has had a short story accepted by *The Dovecot*.

Erratum.—We apologize for an error in our congratulations, in last term's *Satterthwaitensian*, to O. S. Hustle (School House, 1884/87). This should, of course, have read "on his well-deserved O.B.E.," not "son."

Acknowledgments. The Editors desire to acknowledge, with thanks, receipt of the following contemporaries: *The Egbertian*, *The St. Chrysostomian* and *The Magazine of the Herbert Wrigley Academy for the Sons of Distressed Chiefs in Ghana*.



B. Atkinson (aged 13) as *Coriolanus*



It is high time the youth of the country had an opportunity to escape from the squalor of secondary modern education—



into the hitherto exclusive haunts of wealth and privilege.



Ceremony at hand-over of Public Schools to the State

THE MAINTENANCE OF TRADITION IN STATE-OWNED PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Ministry of Education Instructional Pamphlet No. RC/HG/10847/6E issued for the guidance of Steering Committees, Local Authorities, Headmasters-elect and other bodies concerned with the development of Terminal Educational Segregation Establishments for Adolescents (male), commonly known as Boarding (ex-Public) Schools Mark 1.

PREAMBLE

IT is recognized that traditions are strong coagulants of loyalty, and that loyalty of student to school is, with proper safeguards, a desideratum.

Authorities concerned with the development of new-status (ex-Public) schools should prepare forthwith detailed drafts of the traditions they propose to foster in Establishments under their care, in conformity with the recommendations contained in this pamphlet.

SCHEDULE

Atmosphere. The report of the 1956 Working Party¹ is now available (price 1/9d.). The report is based on an examination of three Public Schools, in disparate zones, each more than three hundred and sixty years old. Its purpose is to analyse the atmospheres found acceptable in representative establishments in the £100-a-term-and-upward bracket: to assess their influences: and to make recommendations as to their retention, by artificial or other means, in reconstituted schools.

The main components of atmospheres analysed were found to be: old cricket pads, cooked cabbage, rot (damp), rot (dry), chalk, boot-polish, wet Corps uniforms, mice in food lockers, pipe-tobacco (Housemaster's) and a constant of mixed origin known² as K. Traces of floor-polish, detectable in the first week of a new term, dissipated rapidly and were ignored for statistical purposes.

The Working Party anticipate that with the gutting and rebuilding of condemned structures, the fitting of electric washing-machines, oil-fired boilers and modern plumbing, and the abolition of military training, there will be a shortfall of traditional "atmosphere" in the early stages. It is expected, however, that the influx of pupils will to some extent restore the situation, and it is advised that no action be taken until experience has been gathered in this difficult field. The aim generally should be to retain the nostalgic elements of the old atmosphere, while eliminating the mephitic.

Bullying. It has been shown, in a special report prepared for the Ministry by Mr. Geoffrey Gorer (*The Public Schoolboy*. Chap. XI: "Establishment of a Pecking Order"), that self-interest and natural aggression will always, in groups of more than twelve to fifteen adolescents, find expression in a sado-masochistic behaviour pattern. Thus in any Group A-Z (the size of a small House at, *exempli gratia*,³ Allingham College) N will tend to tease O; and P, Q and R will set upon S. Further, since O and S will develop into sensitive novelists (Waugh's Law) and write about their

experiences, the next generation of schoolboys (N₁, P₁, Q₁ and R₁) will have their natural aggressiveness strengthened by a foreknowledge of what to do when they see their chance (O₁ and S₁).

Bullying, rightly regarded, is a symptom that group psychology is following a normal, healthy pattern. However, since it is, for the reasons given, auto-activated, there is no need to enforce it. On the contrary, because of the fuller part taken in the life of the State school by parents, the need is rather for control. The possibility of legal proceedings must be borne in mind. All organized bullying (Roasting, Tossing in Blankets, etc.) should be supervised by at least two members of the Local Education Authority and the School doctor.

Clothing. Properly regulated idiosyncrasies of personal attire provide a useful means of canalizing immature deviations from the norm. Variations of traditional eccentricity, from school to school, are not, however, for reasons of economy, admissible. The following must therefore be taken as mandatory.

Trousers. First-year boys must have their trousers tied below the knees with string. This, in addition to its status significance, facilitates kneeling in chapel, squatting in front of fires with toasting forks (see *Fagging*), bicycling, etc.

Socks. The wearing of coloured socks inside-out is to be a privilege of Senior Streams.

Waistcoats. The restriction of fancy waistcoats to School Prefects (where authorized) is still under consideration at Cabinet level.

Fagging. The formation of Fags' Unions should be encouraged. A Ministry circular, "Citizenship Training (Practical)," will be issued shortly.

Hardships. Bare boards and ice on water-jugs traditionally produced the type of boy required for the Indian Civil Service. In view of the independence of India this tradition may now be discontinued. Central heating and carpets are permissible. At the same time, some feeling of incarceration (bars on windows, broken bottles on walls, etc.) should be retained as a valuable inducement to *esprit de corps*.

Slang. This is not recommended. Boys should be encouraged to express themselves at all times in a manner calculated to fit them to become useful Civil Servants.

Songs. Existing School Songs, many of which contain a "best school of all" motif, are not in line with modern principles of equality and should be scrapped.

SUBMISSION OF DRAFTS

Drafts of proposed Traditions for Reconstituted Public Schools must be submitted, in triplicate, to the Ministry for approval before full Charter Rights (and Treasury permission for Swimming Pools) can be granted. R. A. U. /57

¹ Of the five members, two were from the Ministry of Education, one from the Ministry of Health, one from the National Physical Laboratory and one from the L.C.C. Refuse, Drainage and Compost Department. The first three had, the last two had not, attended Public Schools themselves.

² The term "fug" will not be used in official correspondence.

³ For example.



THIRTY-three years ago crossword puzzles took England by storm. The anniversary day is November 2 and the pioneer was the *Sunday Express*. The knowledgeable sniffed. Another bubble—diabolo, roller-skating rinks, paper-bag cookery, what next? But the craze became an institution. Now, as far as a run-of-the-mill seer can see, the people who weave the warp and woof of the acrosses and downs seem likely to spin for ever down the ringing grooves of change.

It is slightly misleading, as crossword clues should be, to say that all this started in 1924. The desire to worry themselves with riddles, rebuses, ciphers, anagrams and word-traps of every kind was an old English characteristic, and the Victorians, especially, took great care not to cease from mental fight of this sort. They were the do-it-yourself pioneers in entertainment. Their charades were primarily word puzzles, and if ever a dull moment threatened at a party, as when a coy soprano had gone out into the hall with only fairly well-feigned reluctance *just to see* if she had brought her music for *When You Go Down the Vale, Lad*, well knowing that she had and determined to see that someone went through hell if she were not asked to sing it, the *longueur* would be filled instantly with guessing games (half a century



and more later to be patented by Maurice Winnick), spelling bees, and the like.

To be more precise, the true fore-runners of the crossword, the printed symmetrical pattern as opposed to the go-as-you-please whimsy, were acrostics, diamonds and square words. The acrostic is as old as Ennius and Plautus,

occurs in Psalms XXV and XXXIV, and was a popular sneering-point among critics. Dryden scored heavily off the despised Shadwell by ceding him rights over "some peaceful province in acrostic land" and Butler described a small poet as one who will "lay the outside of his verses even, like a bricklayer, by a line of rhyme and acrostic, and fill the middle with rubbish." Well, the critics have always been a tetchy lot, long before radio.

If not great verse, some early twentieth century acrostics in newspapers must have had a memorable quality, for I can recall from boyhood a couple of random couplets in the *Daily Telegraph*, which printed them regularly, of about 1915. They were for the "uprights," the two outside files. One defined "A cut from the joint":

*Persicos odi, puer apparatus,
Give me just this and a couple of
potatoes.*

And another, for "The London Charivari":

Welcome on Wednesday, all the same
But few will know it by this name.

Diamonds were a speciality of *The People*, a paper to which I do no injustice by saying that at that time (it was under different ownership then) its basic appeal was not literary. I bought it without fail for the sake of the diamond, an ingenious affair difficult both to compose and solve. Words only to be found in certain dictionaries were its mainstay, and but for these puzzles I should have grown up knowing little or nothing of the keeping-room (the sitting-room in which a family generally lives), let alone the zumbooruk (the swivel-gun mounted on the back of a camel). Square words were simpler

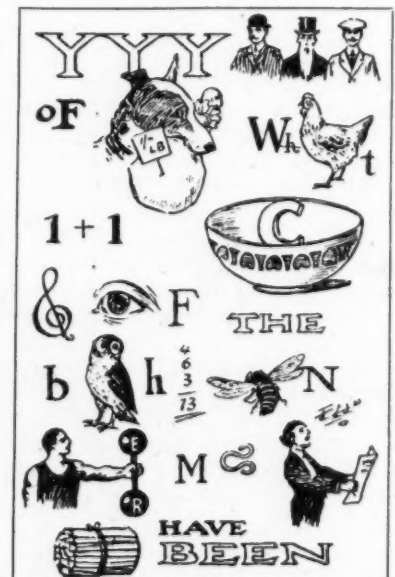
altogether—four, five, six or more letters (but very hard to get after six), across and down, reading both ways.

However, it was none of these but

By LESLIE MARSH

the crossword we were talking about. It seems to have been a re-export. Elementary forms, little more than square words, appeared in juvenile English magazines in the nineteenth century. America, as is her way, went bigger and better and developed their shape and content. Before the first war the *New York World* gave them in its Sunday supplement. Feeling, as I always have, an almost aching pity for comedians in their cruel task of trying to make a sober world smile, I cannot read without emotion a crossword historian's comment at this point—"In 1923 they became the most talked-of form of entertainment in the United States." One glimpses a waning Buster Keaton or Harold Lloyd, perhaps even a thwarted young Groucho Marx, sullenly eyeing the paper-and-pencil addicts as they pass the box office, heads too well down among the emus and the etuis to spare a thought for the slighted clown.

Next year the crossword crossed the Atlantic. Conquest was



BEFORE THE CROSSWORD
An old-time Rebus from "I See All."

If the Bmt put:
If the B.

Answer
If the grate be empty, put coal on
If the grate be full, stop

Captain BBBB led his CCCC
into the DDDD and fed them
on S 00000000.

Answer
Captain Forbes led his forces
into the West Indies and fed
them on potatoes.

TWO OLD FAVOURITES

immediate. Every popular morning and evening newspaper succumbed. Designs and clues were simple. Straight, factual definitions were the thing. River of England. Bird of prey. Well-known author. No far-fetched and erudite kickshaws yet. Certain easily-fitted-in words became intolerable clichés, avoided by the more craftsmanly composers. Ohio, gnu, area and idea were the equivalents in the crossword world of the music-hall drunk sketch.



Someone saw big money here. A mammoth puzzle occupying a whole page with vast prizes and an entrance fee was advertised. Clues were composed by Gilbert Frankau. A contemporary parodist's skit on this enterprise gives a flavour of the tortured form of definitions used:

Behead, curtail, forget and boil
The shape of a speech by Conan Doyle.

These word-twisters, though, to look back for a moment, were no more adroit in their ingenuities with the rack than the old rebus wits. Frankau could have done no better than a sixteenth century artist at this game who was not ashamed to wear his heart on his sleeve literally, painting on the arm of his gown a rose, a hill, an eye, a loaf and a well. Solution: "Rose Hill I love well." His love may have been



Be independent, but not too independent.

laboured but not, let us hope, lost. More recently as much misdirected thought must have gone into this effort:

Stand take to taking
I you throw my

which must leap to the eye of the verbal trick cyclist as meaning "I understand you undertake to overthrow my undertaking." Illustrated versions of the same febrile facetiousness appear on this page.

Returning to modern times and more restrained acrobatics the *Observer* captured the aficionados by producing "Torquemada," the wittiest and most satisfying, though exacting, composer of all, in the opinion of his many devotees who wrote letters of shocked dismay from all over the world when he died. His was the clue still quoted as perhaps the neatest of any—"Pure but no spinster." The answer was Lily. His successor, Ximenes, maintains the tradition of scholarship and ingenuity.

The *Times* itself fell into line, though not with any undignified scrambling. For six years the matter was in abeyance, not, I imagine, overlooked but under quiet consideration. Readers besought this concession to frivolity. By 1930 the volume of letters urging the reform was growing. It was a time for giving ground (in another six years Hitler was going to occupy the Rhineland). With his mind, perhaps, among the classical tags that still found their way into Fourth Leaders the Editor thought *dulce est desipere in loco* and crossed the Rubicon.



His gesture of appeasement was hailed with delight. Being met together in amity at 24 Wormesley Road, Crouch Hill, N.8, Robert Dougan and B. L. Trudgett wrote jointly to the editor: "May we, who joined in the plea for 'crosswords,' thank you for an enjoyable puzzle yesterday [This was a trial balloon in *The Times Weekly Edition*] and especially for the most welcome announcement in to-day's issue that from February 1 you will publish a crossword puzzle every day? Assuring you of our heartfelt appreciation." And on February 1 it appeared, very fine and large with five-sixteenths-of-an-inch squares against to-day's two-fifths. Some of the clues in this epoch-maker were frankly pedestrian, e.g. Denizen of

the ultimate ditch (Diehard), Simply enormous (Immense), and This means Study (Con). But look, already: There's a lot in this voice (Alto), A mixed welcome means getting the bird (Egret). There were signs in that unveiling ceremonial problem of the talent that later produced the style we know to-day, urbane, thought-demanding but not recondite. Vintage products from this cellar have included Land of Hope (Ichabod), Who is the author of *Holy Deadlock?* (Aphis), and Bags I the baby (Marsupial).



This is the sort of puzzle over which little syndicates of business men pool their brains at lunch or in the train. I saw one traveller get out at his station, baffled with the others by a tricky clue. Inspiration came at the ticket barrier, he turned back, ran along the platform and overtook the moving train just in time to shout through the carriage window

"Carthorse—anagram of orchestra."

One of the bigger dailies once published in error the wrong design block, so that none of the clues fitted. Next day all telephone lines were jammed. News-hawks in Vienna, Katmandu and all outposts clawed the air waiting for their sizzling dispatches to be dictated—and it was good stuff of the New-Moves-In-U.N.-Impasse, Ceylon-a-Détente type—while indignant readers asked how Lets Boil Dux (anag.) could get into three squares.



Other European countries take their crosswords in moderation or not at all—*Mots Croisés* are still seen—but none, it can safely be said, with the lasting devotion of England. I have yet to decide in my own mind, rightly or wrongly, how the Chinese, if they came to it, would handle the down and across situation.



TRY THIS ONE

Rebus from "World's Best Word Puzzles."
Answer at foot of first column.



NO CIGARS

AT THERMOPYLAE

by

E. S. TURNER



THE fact that you are able to read these lines may be a testimony to the social conscience of your great-grandfather. If he, in a weak moment, had joined the doomed army of smokers, hurling down fair Hygeia from her throne and setting in her place the foul hag Sensuality, the chances are that you would not be here. In the nick of time, perhaps, your great-grandfather went along to the Anti-Tobacco Society's rally at St. Pancras in 1861 and heard a Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians say "There is no vice that visits its sins upon the third and fourth generations more completely than smoking . . . It is seldom that smokers have great-grandchildren or grandchildren."

Conceivably, of course, your great-grandfather's abstention was prompted less by fears for posterity than for his own body and soul. If he read conscientiously through the *Sixty Reasons Against Smoking* compiled by the Anti-Tobacco Society he could not have failed to be haunted by a vision of himself reduced by nicotine to a state of gibbering dishonour.

To-day the *Sixty Reasons Against Smoking* have been whittled down to one: namely, that smoking is suspected of causing lung cancer. As a result not only are non-smokers deprived of a great armoury of indignation but the smoker who continues hell-bent on his path misses the dare-devil satisfaction of defying sixty gruesome fates instead of a mere one.

Nowadays we do not stop to think of the effect of tobacco on our minds and morals. Somewhere down the generations the anti-nicotine propagandists seem to have given up the struggle for men's souls. Their finest period was in the sixties and seventies of last century.

The campaigners cited many hard-worked denunciations of tobacco, ranging from the counterblast of James I ("it is a stinking, loathsome thing, and so is Hell") to that of the Duke of

Wellington ("not only in itself a species of intoxication . . . but undoubtedly occasions drinking and tipping . . ."). Much-quoted, too, was Carlyle on the subtle demoralization wrought by the weed: "Influences generally bad, pacificatory but bad, engaging you in idle, quiet dreams; still worse, promoting composure among the palpably chaotic and discomposed, soothing all things into lazy peace; that all things may be left to themselves very much, and to the laws of gravity and decomposition."

It was this thought of the manhood of Britain growing into idle, irresolute dreamers instead of into men of action that haunted ascetic patriots. "The influence of tobacco," cried one of them, "is opposed to moral warfare. It cries 'Peace, Peace' where there is no peace. It preaches contentment where the divinest duty is discontent, and *laissez-faire* where everything requires undoing." An eminent surgeon said: "Tobacco smoking induces a dreamy, imaginative and imbecile state of mind, produces indolence and incapacity for mental exertion and sinks its votary into a state of careless or maudlin activity and selfish enjoyment of his own vice."

The fostering of indolence was bad enough, but smoking had more flagitious effects than this. It was the cause of many a boy telling his first lie—the lie with which he tried to explain away his unnatural pallor and bloodshot eyes. Not that a lie was much use by itself; "the quantities of orris root, mace, cinnamon bark, mint lozenges and other aromatics which chemists vend daily to lads for the purpose of disguising from their parents the fact of their smoking tell a woeful tale," wrote the *Dublin University Magazine* in 1877. From lying it was a trivial step to theft.

Many boys, it appears, stole not only their tobacco but the cheating aromatics too.

In all young men smoking created a "morbid, unnatural thirst" which by its very nature could not be assuaged by water. Thus, even as the Duke of Wellington said, smoking led to tipping and hence to bad company. One of the *Sixty Reasons* was that tobacco was a "class breaker." Or, as the *Medical Gazette of Lyons* said, "Smoking lessens the worth of the individual and relaxes the family ties."

Why had Mexico, Germany, Turkey, France, Italy and Spain fallen from their once-high estate? The answer was: "Because tobacco with them has had free course." But was it essential, asked the *Daily Telegraph* in 1860, that the "robust scions of Anglo-Saxon lineage" should become "a race of feeble and etiolated pigmies"? It was left to the reviewer of anti-tobacco books in the *Quarterly Journal of Science* to point out that "no rations of tobacco were served out at Thermopylae, no cigar strung up the nerves of Socrates . . . Harmodius and Aristogeiton twined the myrtle round their swords and slew the tyrant of their fatherland without its inspiration." In a spirited finale the writer asked: "Who of us can realize Moses with a 'churchwarden' in his mouth or St. Paul smoking a prime Havannah?"

One of the difficulties of the anti-tobacco agitators (and one which still puzzles many abstainers) was to find precisely what unholy enjoyment smokers derived from their pollutions. The benefits, as one critic admitted, appeared to be "potent yet difficult to define." Said another: "If smoking is good, if it strengthens the body, exhilarates the mind, purifies the moral

sense, transfigures the soul, then we cannot have too much of it"; but, as far as he could discover, tobacco performed rather less than this. Apparently it had "a soothing effect by which the nerves are wrapped in slumber and cease to feel the toil and cares of the day." It was supposed to deaden, momentarily, the outcries of Nature protesting against overwork, against the importunities of "the railway speed at which we live." Yet a M. Alibert saw tobacco not as a soothing agent but as a goad—"everywhere man seeks to excite his senses as if in haste to consume those few days which Nature has allotted to him." According to a Dr. Druhen the solacing effect of tobacco was a delusion. "I believe," he wrote, "that under the influence of tobacco the cerebral system loses its resistance and that without the depressing action of this plant men would better support the chagrins, reverses, misfortunes and deceptions of all kinds which cross their existence."

It was hard for a non-smoker to make sense of all this. How could a man be soothed by a drug which demonstrably quickened his pulse rate and left him with a Satanic thirst? Alternatively, how could he excite his senses with a drug which was supposed to deaden them? The one thing that was clear was that smokers were getting something that non-smokers were missing. Short of defiling the living temple with

nicotine, how could one find out what it was?

There were many who pointed out that "the frailer body and more mobile mind of woman seem to stand in greater need of 'soothing' and 'refreshing' than the coarser frame of man." Thus, smoking was "an unmanly leaning on a solace neither sought nor needed by the weaker sex" (except, regrettably, by soiled doves). The only hope for the third and fourth generations was "the integrity of our mothers." It was unthinkable that the mothers of Britain should one day sell the pass, so nobody thought it.

In the pages of the *Anti-Tobacco Journal* and elsewhere were copious illustrations of the way in which smoking was corrupting Western civilization. Was not tobacco "the one main upholder of slavery in America"? Was it not the reason why so many shopkeepers had started opening on Sundays? Was it not significant that the men of fashion who turned up to watch a public execution in 1864 smoked cigars as they awaited the moral spectacle? Medical students, a bestial race, were known to puff at pipes as they dissected cadavers, thus showing as little respect for the dead as they did for the living.

Anti-smoking literature carried circumstantial records of "calamitous conflagrations" caused by smokers, ranging from pit disasters to the near-incineration of a lady at the Eton and Harrow match. Also reported, with laughing scorn, were the frequent occasions on which bemused smokers set fire to themselves.

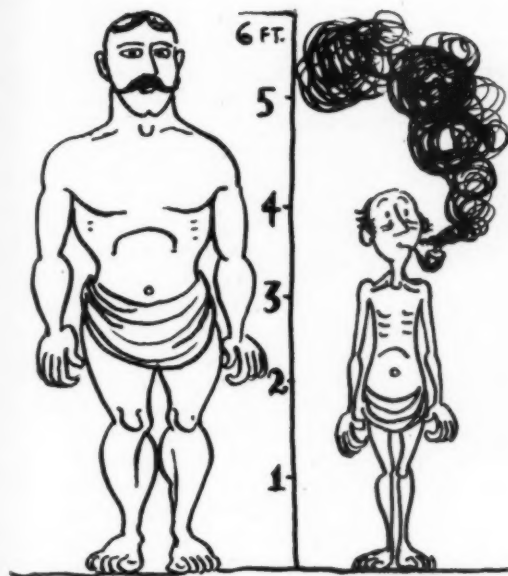
Among those to whom the nation looked for an example tobacco was finding all-too-easy victims. The Commander-in-Chief could be seen daily smoking his way down Constitution Hill to the War Office. Even more deplorably, the Heir to the Throne was reported "cantering cheerily across Newmarket Heath with a cigar in his mouth." The Prince's behaviour on his visit to America, as Lord Renfrew, inflamed

the *American Anti-Tobacco Journal*, which addressed to him a long homily beginning: "My lord, I am told that God has endowed you with intellect and though born and bred amidst courtiers you are not insensible to the dictates of friendship and common sense . . ." This all led up to the question: "How can you, unable to rule yourself, rule a kingdom?" No doubt the Heir was vexed to find in the apartments at Windsor, in 1863, "cards neatly framed and glazed, requesting that gentlemen will not smoke in the Castle." The Queen's example was lost on the members of the Athenæum, who chose that same year to convert their reading-room into a smoking-room.

Many were the insolences perpetrated by smokers in railway carriages. It seems that whenever a non-smoker ventured to remonstrate with a tobacco addict, pointing out in the most lenient terms the moral ruin which awaited him, the offender would jump up with some such exclamation as "You — parson, I'll kill you!" The choice of "parson" as epithet was not the happiest, since many clergymen—to the great scandal of the Anti-Tobacco Society—were apparently (then as now) incapable of composing their sermons without benefit of tobacco.

The anti-tobacco faction were not so lost in enumerating the moral and social pitfalls of smoking that they overlooked its purely physical perils. Among the illnesses and conditions which could be confidently expected from the ravages of this *mort aux peuples* were locomotor ataxy, undue fluidity of the blood, suspension of the waste from the brain, premature manhood, nausea, baldness, tooth decay, spongy gums, debility, irregular action of the heart, a sharp continual noise in the head like a whistle or a bell, irritation of the lungs, peeling of the throat membranes, over-secretion of the glands, dyspepsia, hysteria, mania, tongue cancer and loss of memory (especially by snuffing). Tobacco also produced a state of optical distress with symptoms comparable to those familiarized in our own days by the cathode ray tube—"confusion of vision, bright lines, luminous or cobweb specks and long retention of the image on the retina." Lung cancer was not listed, but heavy smokers were warned that their lungs, on autopsy, would be





found as pale as those of a calf hung in the shambles.

One researcher claimed that, thanks to smoking, the average height of Britons had fallen by five inches in about seventy years. Yet, like the pale, stunted dwellers in malarious places, smokers lived on with only half their senses functioning, unashamed of their pigmyhood, blaming their disorders on everything but nicotine. It was their delusion that any poison resulting from smoking was quickly extruded from the body; but, according to one J. V. Streibel, cannibals were beginning to turn up their noses at the nicotized flesh of the modern explorer. The reader was left to conclude that this was just one more example of the lack of consideration for others displayed by smokers.

One of the more unusual forms of hallucination which were liable to beset the smoker was described by a M. Blatin. He knew of a French gentleman of nervo-sanguine temperament who, even on the sunniest days, began to find himself singled out for persecution by violent rain gusts. Yet, when he put his hand out, he could feel no moisture. Only when he threw away his cigar did the squalls vanish and the sun shine again. This happened several times, and the nervo-sanguine gentleman wisely decided that there was no future in smoking. The step from hallucination to lunacy, as M. Blatin explained, was but a short one.

A great many prize essays and poems were inspired by the anti-tobacco propagandists. Dr. Russell J. Reavell assured the readers of the *Sunday School Chronicle* that the spectacted state of the German nation was the result of excessive smoking. From the same cause sprang the fact that "their so-called philosophy is frequently of a cloudy, hazy and speculative character." Dr. J. W. Kirton asked if anyone would presume to invite Queen Victoria into his home if he had just been smoking in it. Assuming the answer to be no, he then asked if it

was likely that the Almighty would care to take up his abode in a body defiled by tobacco smoke.

The Rev. W. R. Bird, after indignantly exclaiming "Shall we, who cast our omnipotent shield over the oppressed and launch our battalions at the thrones of despots, be enslaved by a weed?" revealed that only three animals could endure tobacco: the African rock goat (a notoriously degenerate beast), the tobacco worm and man. And man made things worse by smoking his tobacco adulterated with moss, dock, rhubarb, seaweed and lamp-black.

Another prizewinner, Francis Askew, pointed out that if a youth of sixteen began to spend sixpence a week on tobacco he would smoke his way through £52 in forty years. The same weekly sum put into savings would yield £90, or, in a sound building society, £180.

The poems against tobacco were notable for their earnestness rather than for their literary felicities. The passionate zeal of the reformer compresses uneasily into verse-form. A recurrent theme was:

*May never lady press his lips,
His proffered love returning,
Who makes a furnace of his mouth
And keeps his chimney burning!*

Perhaps the crispest poem on the subject was this couplet:

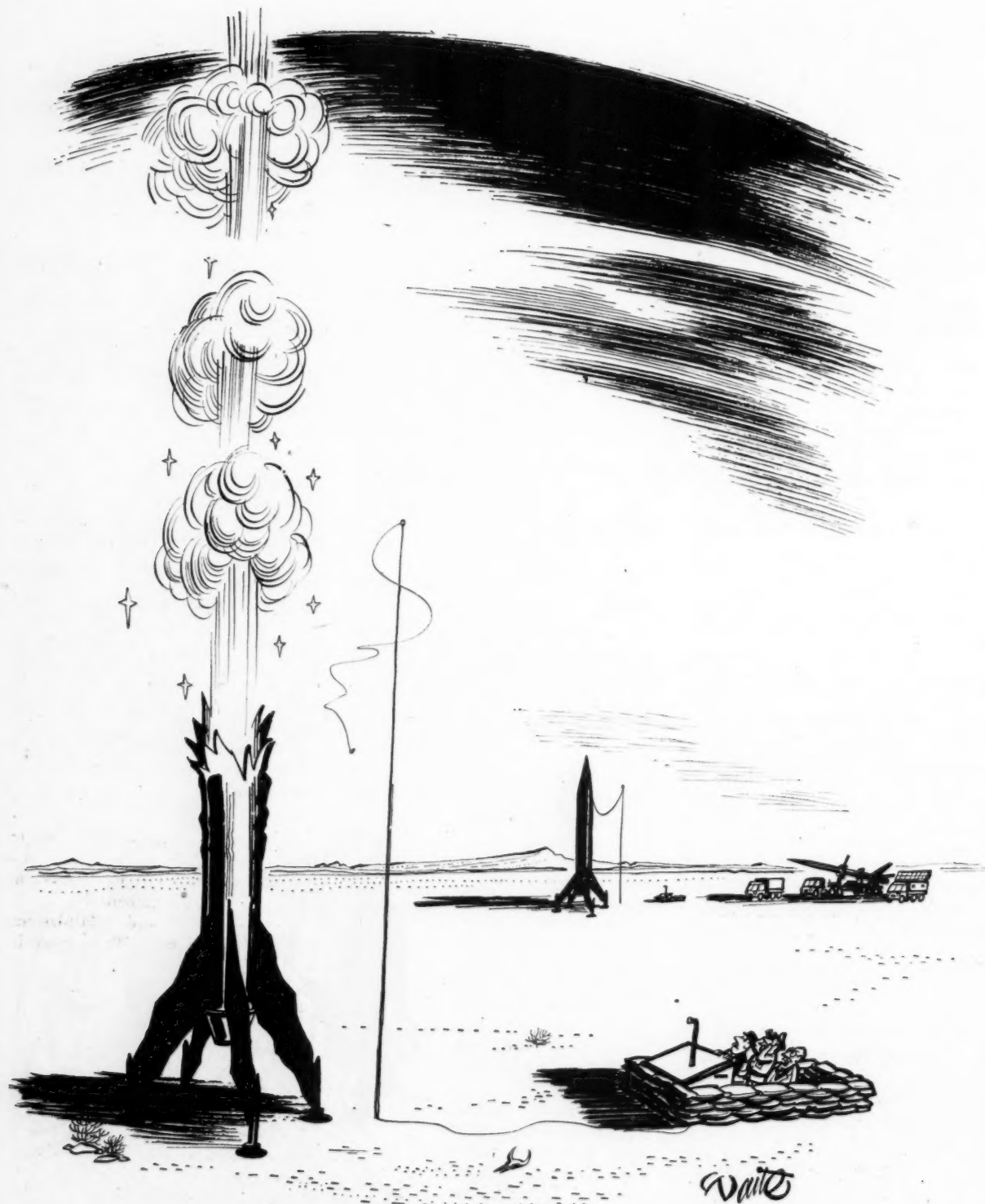
*Quand d'un heureux hymen Dieu
féconde la couche,
Il ne nous fait naître un cigar à la
bouche.*

It irked these anti-tobacco poets that the smokers, for their part, were presuming to write their own poems about the pleasures of smoking, just as "the arsenic eaters of the Tyrol and Upper Styria chant songs in praise of their forbidden luxury."

In the midst of all this controversy Mr. Punch tried hard to keep his head. In 1864 he admitted to being fond of smoking but said he disliked to see the habit formed prematurely. "The true taste for tobacco comes alone with age, like the appetite for turtle, and is not to be acquired by those who prematurely seek it." He also disliked to see persons smoking early in the day; there were too many pimply, tallow-complexioned, short-pipe-sucking fools to be seen on all sides—"every whiff they take but helps to blow their brains out and puts out of tune their organs of digestion."

If he had any fears for the third and fourth generations Mr. Punch did not voice them.





"Same old snag—engines way ahead of airframes."

A Bean Called Turnstile

By A. H. BARTON

CHARLES and his mother and his small brother were having lunch. "Your father is bringing Admiral Turnstile home to dinner this evening, Charles," said his mother. "You should show him proper respect."

"I always show him respect," said Charles. "He gave me that fishing rod."

"What is this one called?" asked his brother, holding up a fork with a single bean impaled upon it.

"Hildebrand," said his mother.

"Thank you," said the small boy, and ate the bean.

"He was captain of the *Wyke*, a frigate of which your father was First Lieutenant in 1941," said his mother.

"That is a period in which I am interested," said Charles, whose history master was also his housemaster. "The years between your wedding day in 1940 and the day in 1942 when I was born. What went on then?" He paused. "What *could* have gone on?"

"There was a war on," said his mother.

"And these ones?" asked the small boy. There were two beans on his fork.

"Arbuthnot and Hilarity," said Charles. "Yes," he said to his mother, "but how did you live? Without me, what was the pattern of your existence?"

"You word your coltish questions very smoothly," said his mother. "Your mind boggles, perhaps, at the idea of life for your father and me without you?"

"Yes."

"What are the names of these?" asked the small boy.

"Strangeways, Hotfoot and Cabbage-water," said his mother, and the small boy ate them. "When your father was

First Lieutenant of the *Wyke* the ship was based on Greenock. We had lodgings in Gourrock, with a sitting-room that held seventy-nine vases on small polished tables on a polished floor. Your father broke seven of them; I broke three."

"What were their names?" asked the small boy.

"I forget," said his mother.

"Go on," said Charles.

"The ship used to come in for boiler-cleaning every now and then, and we'd see each other. I used to get leave from my office at the naval base then. I was a Petty Officer Wren Writer—"

Charles was looking across at his mother. "I have seen photographs," he said wonderingly. "Well?"

"That's about all," said his mother.

"It's not enough," said Charles.

"Tell me some story, something that will illustrate your way of life. I need guidance. I shall soon be as old as you were then."

"Yes?" said his mother. She paused.

The small boy held up his fork. The last five beans were stuck upon it.

"These ones?" he said.

"Siegfried, Heather, Proserpine, Saddlebag and—" his mother broke down.

"And Turnstile," said Charles. "An old bean called Turnstile."

"And Turnstile," said his mother. She gave the small boy his pudding. "There was the occasion," she said to Charles at last, "when your father's ship came in for a boiler-clean in December of 1941. There were to be eight days' leave, four to each watch."

* * * * *

The First Lieutenant stood on the

quarterdeck of the frigate, talking to the Coxswain, Chief Petty Officer M'Masters. Cold rain was falling and the herring gulls looked grubby. His hands were chilly inside the damp pockets of his waterproof. "Four days' leave to each watch and this ship manned from Devonport," he said.

"That's right," said M'Masters.

"If the starboard watch is to be on board before the port watch goes off on leave, each watch will get only two days at Devonport."

"That's right, sir," said M'Masters.

"But if we allow the ship to be empty for five hours on the middle day, each watch would get a whole extra day at Devonport."

"That's how the trains are," said M'Masters.

"But I could get shot if I left the ship empty," said the First Lieutenant.

"No one could say that you did it for yourself," said M'Masters. "Half an hour on that bicycle and you're at home."

"They wouldn't have to," said the First Lieutenant, visualizing the court-martial. "If you leave your ship empty the whereabouts of your wife is immaterial."

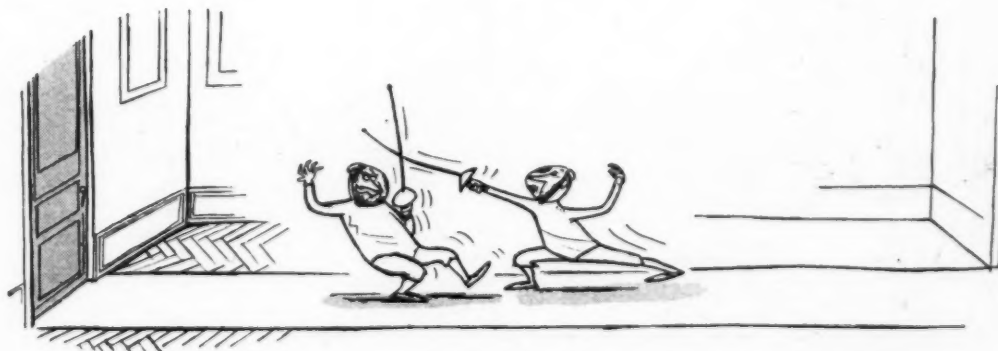
"There'd be me with you, sir," said M'Masters. "There's only the night boat to Belfast between me and breakfast in Strandtown."

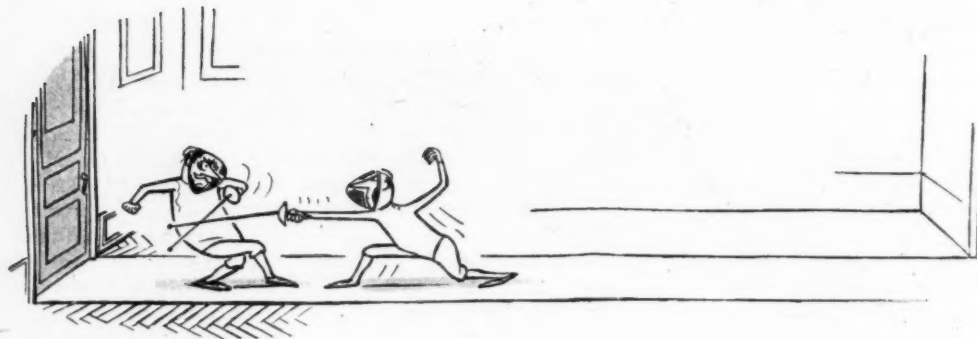
"And if we had to go to sea you'd row and I'd steer?"

"We're boiler-cleaning, sir. We're non-operational."

"You say there's not a native on board, not a single Scotsman?"

"Not one," said M'Masters. "What'd you expect? We're based in





Scotland." The telephone in the quarterdeck lobby rang and he went to answer it. "That was the Captain, sir," he said when he returned. "I'm to tell you he's decided to take his leave in the middle: Thursday to Saturday."

"The watches change on the Friday," said the First Lieutenant. He thought deeply about his captain.

M'Masters said nothing. He gazed aft at their sister ship, the *Rumbold*, tied up alongside astern of them. "I'm the spirit of objectivity, sir," he said. "I'm not saying anything. It is for you to decide. Yours is the responsibility. If the ship's company miss a day's leave the ship's company miss a day's leave. They'll never know what missed them. On the other hand, if you pull an extra day out of the bag for them—"

"Shut up, M'Masters," said the First Lieutenant. "I'm thinking."

"Aye, aye, sir," said M'Masters. "I was just putting the two sides to you. I'm non-committal as a staghorn. On the one hand there's the danger to your career. On the other—"

"M'Masters," said the First Lieutenant. "Keep silence while your tall First

Lieutenant paces up and down, weighing the factors."

"Aye, aye, sir," said M'Masters.

"I shall pace up and down," said the First Lieutenant, "and then, sudden and debonair, I shall swing round, halt before you, and give my decision."

"You do that," said M'Masters.

Two minutes later, as good as his word, the First Lieutenant halted before M'Masters. "How do I look?" he asked. "Carefree, artless, gallant?"

M'Masters said nothing.

"Decisive, masterful, rock-like?"

M'Masters still said nothing.

"They may take their extra twenty-four hours," said the First Lieutenant. "You and I, M'Masters, we'll look after the ship."

M'Masters began talking at once. "I'll have a telegram ready to send to every man on the starboard watch," he said. "I'll speak to every man. If we want them back early I'll see that they fight their way back at the double, stealing aircraft as they come. And if any man of either watch is adrift off his leave I'll keel-haul him. I know how to keel-haul," said M'Masters. "I've read it up. You reeve—"

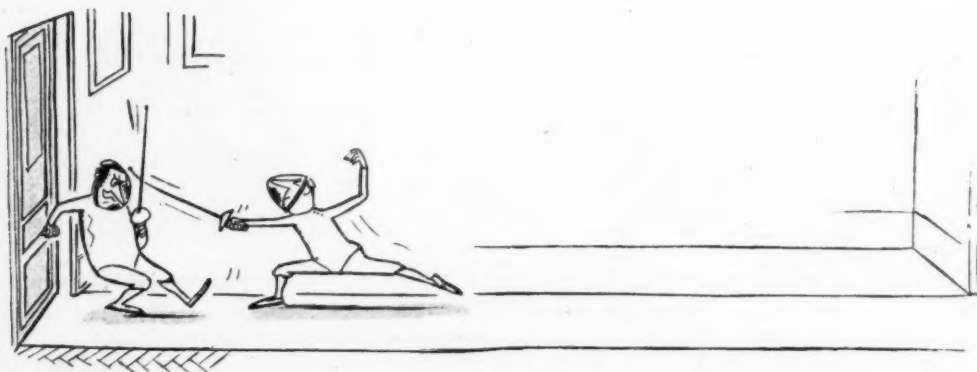
"Let's keep seamanship out of this," said the First Lieutenant.

Again the First Lieutenant stood on the quarterdeck. Pale, unconvincing sunlight had replaced the rain. It was half-past ten in the morning and the port watch was going over the side. They had the intent poised look of men ready to spin round and return on board at the drop of a coxswain's cap. M'Masters, watching them, was intent and poised too. By 10.45 the ship was empty save for First Lieutenant and Coxswain. The starboard watch was not due back until three p.m.

"I've never felt so lonely in my life," said the First Lieutenant. He looked aft at the forecandle of the frigate astern.

"Look," he said. "A sailor! Perhaps he'd come and talk to us?"

"We've only to hold out until 1500," said M'Masters. The telephone rang in the quarterdeck lobby. Both men jumped. M'Masters went to answer it. "Sir," he said. "The Captain says he wants to say a few words to both watches. He says he can be here by 1145, when—as he put it—the starboard watch will be back and the port watch



will not yet have gone. 'Clear lower deck for me,' he says, 'at eight bells.'

"What was your reply?"

"I said 'Aye, aye, sir,' sir," said M'Masters.

"Clear lower deck!" repeated the First Lieutenant, looking forward along the deserted deck.

"It's clear enough the way we have it already," said M'Masters.

The First Lieutenant had a sudden image of himself at his court-martial. "I did it for the sake of my men," he heard himself saying, his 1935 Jubilee and his 1937 Coronation medals clanking together on his chest. He winced and shut off the image with an effort.

"There's no chance of getting the port watch back," he said.

M'Masters looked at his watch. "The train's gone," he said, "and we can't hurry the starboard watch. They're spread out half across England and Scotland this minute, straggling north."

"We lack sailors," said the First Lieutenant, analysing the situation. He pointed aft, at the sailor on the fore-castle of the *Rumbold*. "Like that one," he said, ironically.

M'Masters followed his gaze. "Like that one," he repeated. He sounded forlorn.

"And why not?" said the First Lieutenant suddenly, loud hope in his voice. For a moment he thought deeply again about his captain. "Look after this ship for me, M'Masters," he said. "I'm going across to see the First Lieutenant of the *Rumbold*." He made for the gangway rapidly. "To your sole and single-handed care," he called over his shoulder, "I relinquish this warship."

His opposite number was there on *Rumbold's* quarterdeck to greet him.

"Lonely over there, huh?" he said.

The First Lieutenant looked round him at this other ship. There were sailors everywhere, a comforting bustle. "So so," he said. "I've got M'Masters."

"It's difficult to get a frigate suddenly to sea with a crew of two, even if the other one's M'Masters," said his opposite number. "When does your starboard watch get back?"

"1500," said the First Lieutenant. "Your captain is on leave, too, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"George," said the First Lieutenant, "I want to borrow some hands."

George looked at him. "They'll cost you a gin a dozen," he said.

The Captain was piped over the side.

"Morning, Number One," he said.

"What's the quartermaster's name? New to me."

The First Lieutenant gazed at the strange face by the gangway. "Pan-handle, sir," he said abruptly.

"Clear lower deck," said the Captain.

"Aye, aye, sir," said the First Lieutenant. "Coxswain, clear the lower deck."

"Aye, aye, sir," said M'Masters.

Sailors appeared convincingly from everywhere, impassive and workaday. Among them the First Lieutenant could see M'Masters' opposite number, *Rumbold's* coxswain. He had come incognito, dressed as an able seaman in sailor's cap and overalls; he was, if anything, more impassive than the rest. "Cap ribbons," thought the First Lieutenant, suddenly panicking. "You clot," he told himself. "It's war time: no ship's name, just H.M.S." The Captain began to speak. He told them guardedly about the future of the two ships. The sailors had heard it from their own captain the

day before, but this one might be less cagy, might let drop some new buzz. They listened carefully. "That's all then," the Captain said at last. "I hope the starboard watch enjoyed their leave as much as the port watch will enjoy theirs." He gazed at the ship's company before him. No one could tell what he was thinking. The ship's company gazed back at him. "One ship's very like another," was what they were thinking. "Carry on please, Number One," said the Captain to the First Lieutenant.

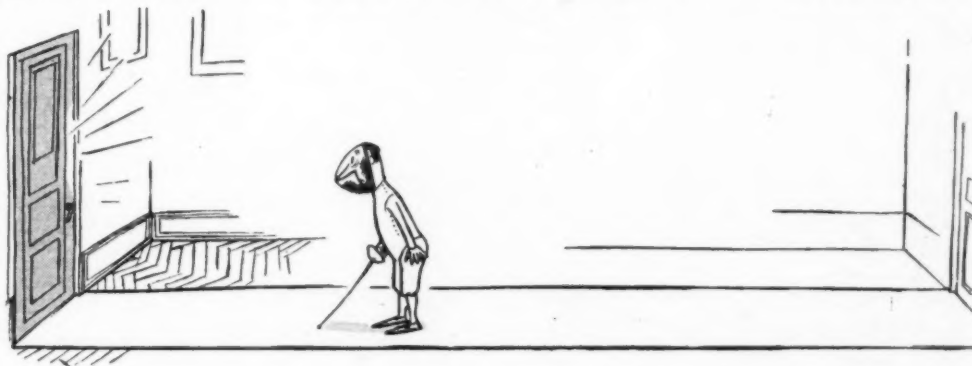
The hands went forward. The Captain went ashore. After a suitable interval, the men from the *Rumbold* began to troop over the side on their way back to their own ship. They remained impassive to the end, even serene. The last to leave was their coxswain, M'Masters' opposite number, unfamiliar in his sailor's cap and blue overalls. He stopped beside M'Masters. "Like a dockyard pigsty, this ship," he said. "We've been all over. Sullied is what I feel." He started down the gangway.

"You been disrated at last, I see," called M'Masters. "You've had it coming for fifteen years."

"M'Masters," said the First Lieutenant. M'Masters came over. "Now that we're alone again I think we'd better have some beer. Come as a special case to the wardroom and see how the other half lives." They went below and the First Lieutenant unlocked a cupboard and brought out two bottles of beer. "You'll pass to both watches what the Captain said?" he asked.

"I will, sir," said M'Masters. "I've known it for three days anyway. The foreman of the boiler-cleaning party..."

"And you didn't tell me?" The First Lieutenant was indignant.



M'Masters swallowed Scottish ale. "Security, sir," he said.

The First Lieutenant drank some of his. "I think myself cool-headed," he said. "Calm in a crisis. I made the right plan, and then I carried it through. There's a great future for me somewhere if only I could find it."

M'Masters looked deep into his beer and then up at the First Lieutenant. "That's as may be," he said, "but I don't think we'd ever better do it again." He sounded solemn. "Not ever," he added.

* * * * *

It was evening. Charles was filling a small dish with salted almonds. His mother was putting wine glasses on the supper table. Above, through the well of the staircase and beyond an open door, the small boy was composing himself for sleep. "That story you told me at lunch-time," said Charles.

"Yes," his mother said.

"It seems to me that the captain of the ship was very silly—"

"Admiral Turnstile will be here soon," said his mother warningly. "The front door leads straight into this room."

"—very silly not to know that he was not talking to his own sailors. Surely he knew their faces?"

"You must ask your father about that," said his mother. "I'm not prepared to disclose my opinion."

"And I think it was very stupid of father to suppose that Admiral Turnstile would not see through the whole thing."

"That I should live," said his father, coming into the room—"that I should live to hear my elder son call me stupid."

"Where's that old Admiral of yours?" asked his wife.

"He'll be here in a minute," said her husband. "He's following in his own car."

"Father," said Charles, "when you got the sailors from the other ship to listen to Admiral Turnstile, I think you were stupid. I think you were lucky to get away with it. If that is the sort of thing you did before I was born I'm glad I wasn't there."

His mother smiled. His father looked at her and then back at Charles.

"Ask the admiral about it when he comes," he said.

"What!" exclaimed Charles. His parents had never seen him shaken before. They watched him, fascinated.

"It's sixteen years," said his father. "I'd like to hear it all set out in words. Would you ask him, Charles?"

"All right," said Charles, already recovering himself. "I'm a civilian. What's an admiral to me? And he gave me that fishing rod. I'll ask him."

The doorbell rang and Turnstile came in. There and then, under the well of the staircase, Charles put his questions: "Uncle Turnstile," he said, "did you know that my father once produced the wrong sailors for you to talk to?"

Turnstile pointed a long nose down at Charles. "Yes," he said. "I knew from the moment your father said the quartermaster's name was Panhandle. Even in a world war you don't get quartermasters called Panhandle."

Charles looked at his father, found him impassive and turned back to Turnstile.

"Did my father know you'd know?"

"Ask him."

Charles turned to his father. His father said "Yes, and I think M'Masters knew too."

Charles screwed up his eyes and turned to Turnstile again. "Did you know my father knew you'd know?" he asked. His father showed sudden interest, and looked across at Turnstile.

"I did," said the Admiral. "But if ever he'd done it again I'd have had him keel-hauled."

"I think M'Masters knew that," said Charles' father. "Never again," he said to me afterwards. 'Not ever again.' And of course he knew how to keel-haul; he'd read it up . . ."

A voice, clear but very sleepy, called down the stair-well: "What was the name of that last bean I ate for lunch?"

"Turnstile," his mother called back, absently.

The Admiral raised his eyebrows. "This old bean called Turnstile," he said, "expected to be given sherry immediately on his arrival."

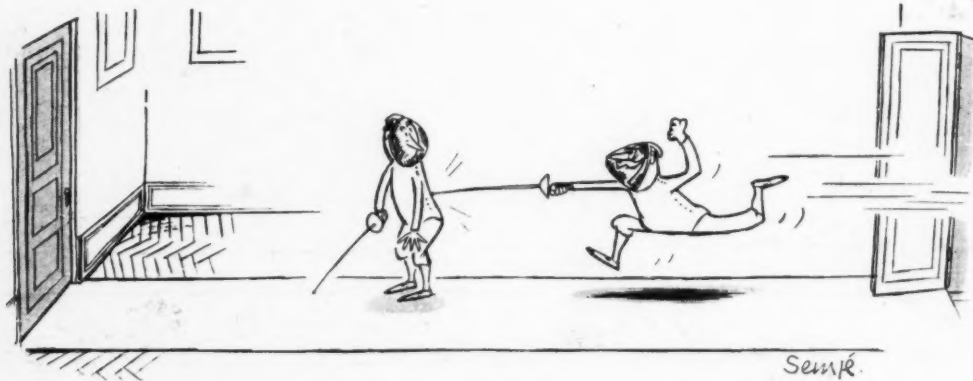
Charles went quickly to the decanter and they followed him into the drawing-room. "Got a clear idea, now," his mother asked him, "of what life was like before you were born?"

"Yes, thank you," said Charles, and poured out glasses of sherry for his elders.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION RATES

(Including all Special and Extra Numbers: Post paid)
Great Britain and Eire £2.16.0.
Canada (by Canadian Magazine Post) £2.10.0 (\$7.25).
Elsewhere Overseas £3.0.0 (U.S.A. \$9.00)
Send to Dept. 53 Punch Office, 19 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4

Reg'd at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper. Entered as 2nd-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., P.O., 1903. Postage of this issue: Gt. Britain and Ireland 4d.; Canada 11d.* Elsewhere Overseas 51d.† Mark Wrapper top left-hand corner "Canadian Magazine Post".
* Printed Papers—Reduced Rate.
COPYRIGHT © 1957 by Bradbury, Agnew & Company, Limited. All rights of reproduction are reserved in respect of all articles, sketches, drawings, etc., published in PUNCH in all parts of the World. Reproductions or imitations of any of these are therefore expressly forbidden. CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not, without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade, except at the full retail price of 2s 6d; and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.



Sam R.



Everybody who remembers the old days agrees that modern machinery has taken all the colour . . .



. . . out of country life.



Did the first wave of British tourists live up to American expectations?

